Geo Smith

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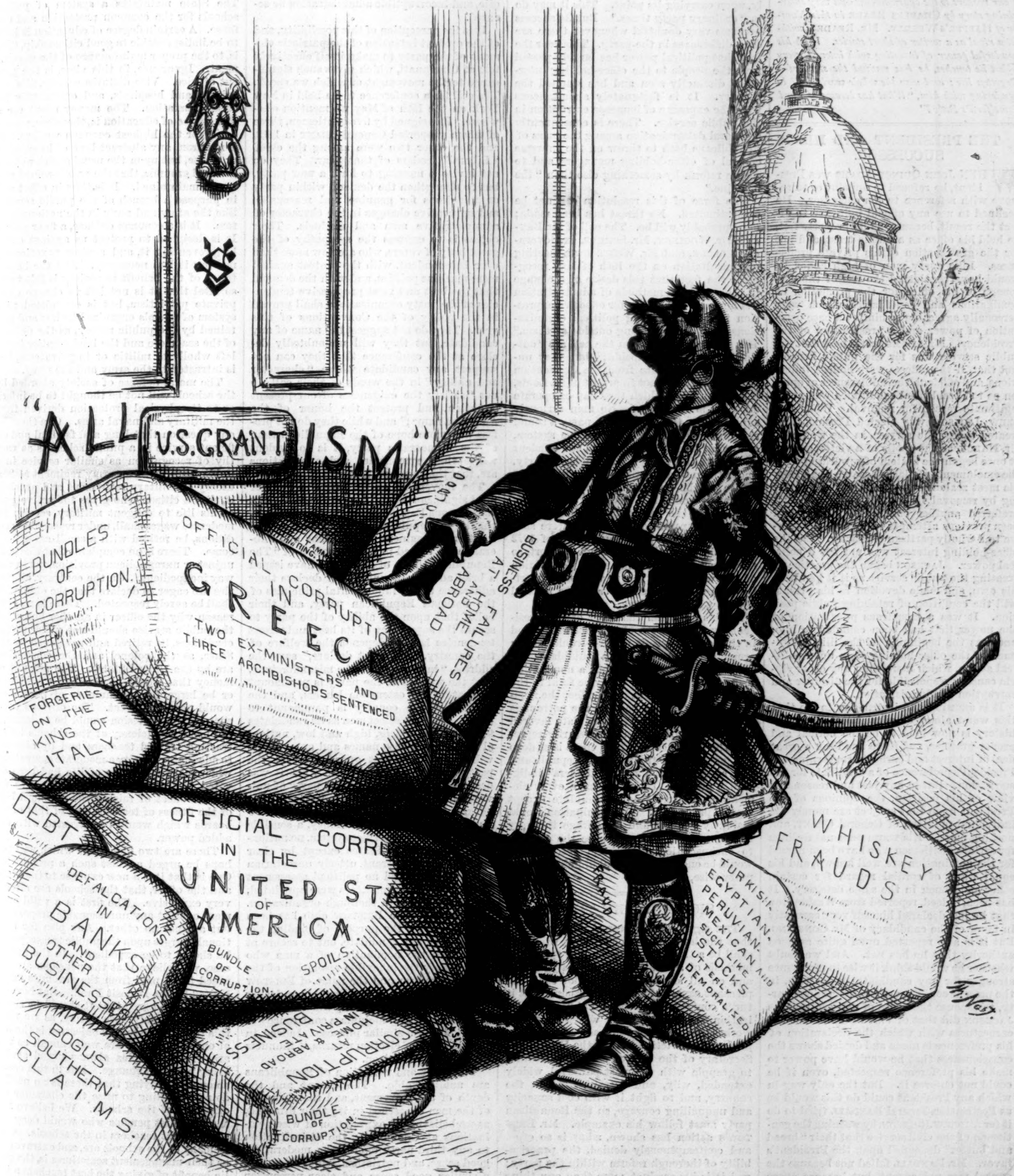
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BUNDLES OF CORRUPTION.
OFFICIAL CORRUPTION IN GREECE
TWO EX-MINISTERS AND THREE ARCHBISHOPS SENTENCED
BUSINESS FAILURES AT HOME AND ABROAD
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BUNDLE OF CORRUPTION
WHISKEY FRAUDS
TURKISH, EGYPTIAN, PERUVIAN, MEXICAN AND SUCH LIKE STOCKS UTTERLY DEMORALIZED
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THE CORRUPTION PERIOD—THE LATEST FOREIGN CONTRIBUTION LAID AT THE DOOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 6, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains several interesting engravings, and a variety of entertaining reading matter.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

☞ *It is hardly necessary to call the attention of our readers to the characteristic and very entertaining story by* Charles Reade *in this Number of* Harper's Weekly. Mr. Reade *is without a rival as a writer of short stories. With his wonderful power of investing with interest every subject he touches, he has revived the story of a forgotten life; and now the whole world will be wondering with him, "What has become of Lord Camelford's Body?"*

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

When John Quincy Adams was President, he refused to appoint or to remove with reference to his successor. He declined to use any official influence to affect the result, because, as he properly felt, he held his office as a public trust, and not for the gratification of his private preferences. Like every man of high honor, he would have considered the use of the patronage of his office for the promotion of nominations and candidacies which were personally agreeable to him, as a base usurpation of power and a prostitution of the Presidency. Mr. Adams justly held that the public service was for the public benefit, and that, if the officers were honest, industrious, and efficient, their differences of opinion as to Presidential candidates was not a legitimate reason for removal. When Andrew Jackson was elected President, he treated the public service, in the words of Mr. Marcy, as the spoils of a victor, and he at once began the system of rewarding with the emoluments of place those who had been his most zealous supporters, and of punishing by removal from office those who had preferred another candidate. There had been previous attempts to degrade the service to a wholly partisan character. But the office-holding interest was not yet a political power. Jackson began the practice of treating the public service as if it had been his own, and made devotion to his private will the condition of retaining public position. It was a monstrous prostitution of the power that had been confided to him, and was the beginning of the illicit influence of the office-holding class upon political action, which more than any other single cause is responsible for the disorder and corruption of administration.

It is amusing and instructive to see that this worst abuse of administration in our history is now held to be the normal and proper practice, and there has been a great deal of interest and curiosity concerning the President's preference of a candidate for the succession. But in any just and reasonable view of his position, the opinions of the President upon that subject are merely the individual opinions of General Grant, and nothing more. His warm personal feelings for certain gentlemen who have been named for the nomination are well known, and his equal want of cordial regard for certain other gentlemen in the same category. It has been, indeed, reported from Washington that he has declared himself very earnestly in favor of the candidacy of Mr. Conkling. But it is also reported upon quite as good authority that he has not. And we doubt whether he would think it wise to pronounce strongly for any candidate, or to wish, in the present condition of the Republican party, to espouse the cause of any aspirant, as Jackson did that of Van Buren. Yet the earnestness with which the declaration of his preference is made and denied shows the consciousness that he would have power to make his preference respected, even if he could not enforce it. But the only way in which any President could do this would be as Postmaster-General Randall tried to do it for Andrew Johnson, by warning the gentlemen of the civil service that their "bread and butter" depended upon the President's favor. Mr. Randall failed not because the appeal was not cogent, but because every member of the service knew that the party had rejected the President. It is against such a monstrous system that the good sense of the people is in insurrection.

Nothing could be more disadvantageous to a candidate under existing circumstances, than the conviction that the President would use the resources of patronage to secure his nomination. That is a kind of despotic dictation which, when once fairly understood, the people of this country would indignantly spurn. The contest at Cincinnati, as is generally understood, will be between those who are known as managers or politicians and the great sentiment and purpose of the party. The "politician" power, which is called for convenience "the machine," is undeniable. It is derived from immediate personal interest, from compact organization, from thorough drill, and from a general taxation of civil officers, which is vigorously enforced and surely but reluctantly paid. By managing all the preliminary steps of the primary meetings and the local and State Conventions, this power obtains a strong hold upon the final National Convention, and usually counts, and counts securely, upon carrying its point. This it may do in "ordinary party times." But its success becomes very doubtful whenever there are deep differences in the party. This year the fact that political power has largely passed from the people to the office-holding interest is distinctly seen and has startled the country. It is fortunately simultaneous with the exposure of immense corruption in the public service. There is consequently a general determination among the mass of Republicans both to throw off the supreme control of office-holding managers, and to secure reform by something else than "the machine."

The force of this resolution can not be overestimated. No threat has been made; none probably will be. The call of Mr. Bryant, Dr. Woolsey, Mr. Schurz, ex-Governor Bullock, and Mr. White for a meeting of consultation on the 15th of May recognizes the fact that this desire of a change in the spirit and methods of administration "is honestly struggling for effective expression inside of existing political organizations, as it is also strong outside of them." The gentlemen who sign the call are "outside" rather than "inside;" but they undoubtedly anticipate from the Convention at Cincinnati, and not from that at St. Louis, the action with which they can co-operate during the campaign. No man seriously expects from the Democratic party a sound re-adjustment of the civil service system, or a more honest and vigorous and efficient administration than the Republican party, under the new and existing impulse, would secure to the country. The independent spectators "outside," therefore, unquestionably await the result at Cincinnati with confident expectation. As they were sure that the Philadelphia Convention of 1872 would do what they could not support, so they trust that the Cincinnati Convention of 1876 will enable them to co-operate heartily with a party seeking the same general objects with themselves.

In this situation the favor of the President, even if it were openly declared—and in the present case it is not—would hardly promote the election of a candidate. It might help a nomination, but a nomination so procured could very easily be fatal to the party. The President could affect the nomination only as the head of the patronage of the government. The candidate favored by him would, therefore, necessarily represent the influence of which there is so deep and general a distrust among Republicans, and against which the "outsiders" indignantly protest. He would have every element of weakness as a candidate except that of party drill. The nomination would instantly distract and discourage the very feeling which can alone rouse the country to enthusiastic interest and activity. It would be one of those signal blunders which, party-wise, are crimes.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The signs of a universal determination that the issue of the election of this year shall be a thorough reform of the spirit and methods of administration increase rapidly and on all sides. And it is not the least pleasant aspect of this new uprising that it turns confidently to the Republican organization as the means by which the good work is to be accomplished. There is a profound conviction that as the Republican Secretary of the Treasury did not hesitate to grapple with the most powerful, widely extended, wily, and corrupt Ring in the country, and to fight it with cool sagacity and unquailing courage, so the Republican party must follow his example. Mr. Bristow's action has shown, what is so often and contemptuously denied, the practicability of thorough reform within the party; and it is his conduct, more than any thing else, which has served to retain the confidence of the country in the will and the power of the party to secure the results which all good citizens desire. He has done what others were contented to say ought to be done; and he has done it while other Republicans, who were glad to claim the credit of reform for the party, sneered at him for selfishly aiming at a "sensation," and denounced him for bringing shame upon the party by prosecuting his work with impartial rigor. The country recognizes with admiration that it is a Republican who, with patriotic regard for the public welfare, did not falter in doing his imperative duty, although it has sent a Republican friend of the Republican President and the Republican chief clerk of the Treasury to the penitentiary, and led to the exposure and dismissal of the President's most confidential private secretary. These are not the fine professions of a platform. These are the clear, undeniable, conclusive evidences of a patriotism within the Republican party which is equal to the demand of this year that the moral tone of the government shall be recovered, and a lofty, patriotic, and incorruptible administration be secured.

It is the perception of this possibility, and of the evident intention of the patriotic element of the party to make itself effectively felt at Cincinnati, which gives such significance to the movement of which we speak. The call for a conference to be held in New York on the 15th of May we mention elsewhere. It is signed by five gentlemen, three of whom supported General Grant in 1872, and the other two were among the chief "Liberal" leaders of that year. They do not invite a meeting to form a new party, but to strengthen the demand within party organizations for genuine and reasonable and imperative changes in the character of administrative men and methods. Their object is to express the sympathy of the great body of voters, who are now more than ever independent, with the protest against mere machine politics, and with the demand that the best and most progressive tendencies of the party organizations shall prevail in the policy of the Conventions of this year. They do not suggest the name of any candidate, but they will undoubtedly declare at the conference that they can not support any candidate whose "character and ability," in the words of their call, do not "satisfy the exigencies of our present situation, and protect the honor of the American name;" and while they do not profess any more hope of the Republican than of the Democratic party, it is so evident where their sympathies and expectations are, that the Democratic organs insult them.

The movement at St. Louis is another most significant sign. Although some lately conspicuous Republican managers are now, thanks to Republican fidelity, in the penitentiary, prominent Republicans and Liberals have united in the formation of "The Republican Union of 1876," and have issued a brief address, in which they declare their adherence to the fundamental principles of the national Republican party, and their belief that upon the ability of the party to secure the supremacy of its best and wisest tendencies largely depends the welfare of the country. "It must declare," says the address, "in terms not to be misunderstood, that the welfare of the party is paramount to that of its ostensible leaders, and the welfare of the country is paramount to both……It must select men as its candidates for all public offices, high and low, national and State, whose names and antecedents will furnish the best guarantee that the party earnestly strives to be what it was designed and ought to be, the party of universal liberty and progressive reform." The address then announces certain "tenets of our creed," such as hard money, a sensible and patriotic civil service system, no national interference in States except by clear constitutional warrant, utterly unsectarian public schools, and no political assessment of candidates. Committees were appointed, and there will be a thorough organization. In Boston, also, a Bristow club has been formed, not for the purpose of binding the members to any candidate, but to secure at Cincinnati the nomination of a man who shall satisfy the inflexible resolution of the party for reform, and the name of Bristow is selected as that of the Republican leader who has most conspicuously illustrated that tendency. In Philadelphia a conference has been held for a similar purpose. Indeed, in the old slang of election returns, it thunders all around the horizon.

The spirit and resolution of Republicans are unmistakable. The extent and the depth of the movement, and the character of the men concerned in it; their firm and, as we believe, just expectation of wise nominations at Cincinnati; the disinclination to any third-party effort; the moderation, good sense, and patriotism, which rely upon a similar good sense and clear perception in the Convention—are most promising for nominations which will command the enthusiastic support not of politicians only, but of the great mass of intelligent Americans. No threats are made, no taunts are uttered. But every man who has large public and private opportunities of knowing the condition of Republican sentiment throughout the country is perfectly aware of the sincere determination of hosts of Republicans that the nomination shall be one that ought to be made, and their strong conviction that any other would be a stupid defiance of the desires and purposes of the party—a defiance sure to recoil in disaster upon those who spurn the unequivocal signs of the times.

PENSIONS FOR TEACHERS.

A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature providing for pensions for public-school teachers who shall have served in the schools for a certain continuous period. The details of such a bill will, of course, be adjusted only upon careful consideration, but the principle is unquestionably sound. The State maintains a system of public schools for the common protection and defense. A certain degree of education is held to be indispensable to good citizenship, that is, to the proper maintenance of the government. Ignorance, in this view, is the parent of vice. Vice disturbs society, fills the prisons and hospitals, and enormously increases taxation. The money spent for a due degree of education is, therefore, money spent for the highest common welfare. It is not from any abstract love of knowledge or virtue, but upon the usual selfish and interested grounds, that the public-school system is maintained. It is thus in effect and in purpose a branch of the public service, like the army and navy in the national system. It is a common defense, a finer police. It is designed to protect us against crime by preventing it, and against taxation by making it less necessary. And the importance of the benefit to society is felt to be so vital that it is not left to chance or to private patriotism, but is committed to a system of schools organized by law and sustained by the public money, as the defense of the sea-shore and the land frontier is not left wholly to militia or to privateers, but is intrusted to the army and the navy.

The moral defense of society afforded by the schools will not be thought to be inferior to its physical protection derived from the military and naval arms. Can there be any question that long and faithful and efficient service in a public school is as worthy of recognition as similar service in a public ship or in an army regiment? The theory of military retirement and pensions is, that a citizen who gives the active part of his life to diligent military service for moderate wages shall, under reasonable conditions, be retired with a small assured income. There is no complaint that this is an unjust or unrepublican provision, nor in any way inexpedient. On the contrary, all parties are eager to declare that the obligation shall be surely respected. There is no good reason why the officer in another branch of the public service should not, under proper conditions, be retired and pensioned by the State, as the colonel and the commodore are by the United States. The amount of money that would be required would never be large, for the number of pensioners would never be great. The obvious tendency of the provision would be to increase at once the efficiency of the schools by attracting trained teachers, and by assuring to adequate capacity a moderate competence when the whole vigor of life had been devoted to the service. It would have the further effect of raising the standard both of the fitness of teachers and of that of the boards which would be intrusted with this added power.

There are two objections which will perhaps be urged against such a proposition. One is that it is a new expense to the State; and the other, that the schools are already very expensive. The first is a valid argument against any unreasonable proposition, but against no other. Any plea for additional charges upon the public treasury must be shown to be expedient. In the present case, we believe that the pensions are proposed to be paid from the revenues of the United States Deposit Fund. But however supplied, we agree that it should be shown to be a probably wise outlay, as we think this to be. The second objection is the usual one that things are well enough as they are. It is the plea always urged against every proposed change. But in this case it amounts to saying that there is no need of doing any thing to raise the character and efficiency of the schools. We believe that the very first persons who would deny this are the best teachers in the schools. Good as many of the schools are, and extravagant as their management sometimes is, the public benefit of giving the best teachers a permanent interest in them is evident. A policy which is conformed to justice and reason, and the advantage of which has been demonstrated in other branches of the public service, can not be rejected as unnecessary. The same kind of objection has been urged against building school-houses with some regard to architectural grace and beauty, and to the purchase and use of melodeons or of any musical instrument. But the word necessity is elastic. There is a hidden but eternal wisdom in the saying that man does not live by bread alone.

The hope of this country is the trained intelligence and the moral character of its citizens. These must depend in very large degree upon the public schools, where the mass of the population are instructed in their most ductile years. Whatever tends, within the proper limits of an unsectarian system and of desirable teaching, to improve the influences that surround the children, is a public advantage. The spirit that opposes it as useless might with the same reason quarrel with the retiring pension of a worn-out policeman or military or naval officer. There might still be young men enough who would enter the army and the navy if the retirement and pension were abolished, but is that a reason for abolishing them?

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE INSANE.

The report upon the management of the insane in Great Britain, made to the State Board of Charities in New York, by Dr. H. B. Wilbur, Superintendent of the New York State Asylum for Idiots, is a most interesting and valuable contribution to the literature of humanity. No aspect of the activity of this busy age is more inspiring and hopeful than the constant and thoughtful study of the amelioration of the condition of the insane and the poor and the criminal. Dr. Wilbur has many peculiar qualifications for an instructor upon the subject of his report. To the special professional training which is indispensable, he adds long experience, a rare sagacity, a tranquil temperament, a sincere and exhaustless sympathy, a vital interest in the work, which nothing can baffle or distract, and which have especially consecrated him for its faithful performance. He is of opinion that insanity is not a very curable disease, although the opposite view is often held. Prompt treatment, a management which shall secure the greatest number of recoveries as well as ameliorate the condition of the patient while under treatment, all this to be done with the greatest economy, and personal liberty to be secured against false charges of insanity—these are all essential points to be considered, and to these Dr. Wilbur devoted himself while in England that he might observe the English system.

In general, the results of his observation in England are a preference in that country for small hospitals when practicable, and for asylum life and treatment for the suffering. There are also for the richer classes many private institutions. These are all under the careful supervision of Boards of Lunacy, which represent the government, and whose care and protection even embrace insane individuals in the charge of friends. They are, of course, men of the highest character and influence and sense of responsibility. The late John Forster was a Commissioner of Lunacy. They have under them committees of visitors, men of the same kind; and under them, again, are the medical superintendents. And so admirable and thorough is this system of supervision that Dr. Wilbur thinks that the common welfare of the insane and of society will not be secured as it should be until in every State there is some board similar to the British Boards of Lunacy. Dr. Wilbur visited sixteen of the best hospitals in England and Scotland. He was every where received with the greatest courtesy, and his inquiries were furthered in the most efficient manner.

The points, he says, that are most striking to an American observer are the great degree of employment or occupation of the patients, the absence of excitement, the association at table and elsewhere, the economy of management as shown in the construction and current expense account, the fullness and minuteness of the daily and periodical reports, and the great efficiency of the governmental inspection through the Boards of Lunacy. To the employment of the insane there has been a great deal of objection and opposition in this country. But its desirability, if reasonably practicable, is so evident that the experience of the best English asylums should be very carefully weighed against what is often prejudice and theory against such employment. The care of the insane is peculiarly an experimental science, and experience is the best possible teacher. It is a universal law that suitable occupation is the surest diversion of morbid and melancholy tendencies; and the natural and obvious objections to the employment of the insane, arising from trusting them with tools, are also to be most effectually disposed of by consulting experience. In one of the Scotch asylums that Dr. Wilbur visited there were 261 patients. None of them were in seclusion; none under restraint. Of the 122 men, all but 32 were employed, and of the 139 women, all but 15. As for the personal liberty of the patients, every door in the male department was unlocked, and most of those upon the female side. "It is not easier for the officers and attendants," said the superintendent, "but that is not the question." The Boards of Lunacy justly hold that the paramount consideration is the welfare and comfort of the patients.

The greater liberty of the inmates is a later experiment than that of employment. At Gheel, in Belgium, there is a famous insane colony of some 1300 men and women, and all but forty of them Dr. Wilbur found living in the families of the village and the commune. The highest authorities agree that the plan is successful. But in this country there is not the class of families that makes it practicable in Europe. There is another point upon which we may wisely learn from the English asylums, and that is the cost of buildings. Our extravagance in this respect is worse than folly, because it limits the opportunity of usefulness. A model asylum has just been erected and equipped in England at a cost of less than $750 a patient. In New York and other States asylums are now building at a cost of $2500 to $5000 a patient. The plea for such outlay is durability, which, as Dr. Wilbur and all modern inquiry agree, is the last quality to be thought of in any hospital, and especially one for the insane. The admirable and instructive report of Dr. Wilbur can not fail to be of very great service in stimulating inquiry and discussion upon a subject of such sad and universal interest.

FIGURES AND FACTS.

No Republican should permit himself to suppose that mere distrust of the Democratic party will give the Republicans the victory in the election of this year. The deepest and most threatening distrust is that of the dishonesty and recklessness which tend both to disgrace popular government and to foreshow its decay. To fail to comprehend this is, for the Republicans, to throw away the election. The feeling that the country is of course sure to elect the Republican candidate is mistaken and perilous. The situation of this year is not that of '64, '68, or '72. A nomination at Cincinnati that does not appeal to the moral and patriotic enthusiasm of the party and of the country would be fatal. Success requires a full vote both of Republicans and all who are favorably inclined toward them; but that full vote will not turn out at the mere sound of the party horn or the crack of the party whip.

The Chicago *Tribune*, in a careful article upon the figures of the electoral vote, gives to the Democratic party 145 votes as against any machine Republican candidate. A majority is 185, so that 40 more votes would elect the Democrat. The vote of New York and Indiana, or of New York and New Jersey, would secure the majority for him. The computation of the Chicago *Tribune* gives the Democratic candidate the vote of all the late Slave States except South Carolina, and adds to it that of California, Connecticut, and Oregon. This is a reasonable estimate of the vote of those States if the Republicans should nominate some candidate who does not represent the real demand of the party at this time. It must be remembered, also, that New York is now in Democratic hands, and that Ohio, after a tremendous contest last year, which appealed to the strongest feelings and convictions of the people, was carried by the Republicans only by a small majority of 5000 in a vote of some 550,000, and even Massachusetts elected a Republican candidate, who was wholly unexceptionable, by the same lean and significant majority. This is not a time, plainly, for supposing that the Republicans can sweep every thing before them by merely nominating a candidate. This fact becomes more important when the figures of the vote in the Cincinnati Convention are considered.

There will be in that Convention 754 delegates, of whom 378 will be a majority. The vote of the late Slave States will be 270. That of the Territories and of the District of Columbia, which have no electoral votes, will be 18. Here are 288 votes, and if we add to them the 70 votes of New York, there are almost enough to nominate the candidate. Thus it is possible that the Southern States, which will give very few Republican electoral votes, the Territories, which can give none, and New York, which is now Democratic, might virtually decide the nomination. But a candidate so nominated could not obtain the general or cordial support of the party, and without that support defeat would seem to be inevitable. It is very evident, therefore, that something more is necessary for Republican success than an ingenious combination at Cincinnati to secure a nomination. The combination must be made upon some man who represents what the party demands, and not merely what adroit political engineers desire. The Chicago *Tribune* well and truly says, "The same moral sentiment that will induce the people of New York to reject any machine politician nominated at Cincinnati will be felt all over the North." No wise man doubts it, and no sagacious politician will deny it.

THE SALARY VETO.

When the bill reducing the salary of the President was passed by Congress, we said that the President would probably veto it, and he has done so, upon the most legitimate grounds. The increase of salary, it will be remembered, was a part of the "grab bill," which was part of an appropriation bill. The grab was so called not because it raised the President's salary, but because it gave back pay to members of Congress as well as raised their salary. The President now remarks, with great force, that the salary of $25,000 was fixed when the population was about 3,000,000, and when members of Congress received but $6 a day for actual service. The population is now nearly 40,000,000, and allowing five months' session each year, they receive fully $30 a day. Congress has voted to restore the President's salary to the original sum, but not that of its own members. The act is an illustration of Democratic "reform" in the House and of Republican pusillanimity in the Senate. The majority in the Senate which voted for the general increase also voted for the particular decrease, and threw upon the President the odium, which it did not dare to accept itself, of seeming to withstand an economical reform. The President is too little of a demagogue to follow an unworthy example, and his veto is manly and sensible, and will be approved by the country.

He truly says that the cost of living is entirely out of proportion to what it was when the salary was fixed at $25,000, and that he knows by personal experience that the old salary is inadequate to the proper and necessary expense of the White House establishment. He has, of course, no personal interest in the reduction, for his official emolument can not be increased or diminished during his term. Moreover, unless the salary was grossly extravagant eighty years ago, which has never been pretended, it is insufficient now. It is possible, indeed, that a President might keep house at the White House for $15,000 or $10,000 a year. And there are doubtless gentlemen who would gladly take the Presidency without any salary at all. But those are not very cogent reasons for paying the President meanly. General Grant has shown a proper regard for the national dignity and for the honorable comfort of his successors in vetoing a bill whose passage was a piece of clap-trap and demagogery, and an insult to the popular intelligence.

PERSONAL.

Messrs. John Jacob and William Astor have contributed $25,000 each to St. Luke's Hospital, to assist in defraying its current expenses. The donation is a noble one, and much needed at the moment. And all the more creditable to the donors is it that it has been scarcely alluded to in the papers. The inheritors of Mr. William B. Astor's vast estate are exceedingly liberal in their charities, but studiously avoid all allusion thereto in the public press.

—At the unveiling of the Lincoln Statue in Washington, on the 14th of April, there stood on the platform, by the side of General Logan, and near the President of the United States, Louis Clark, alias "George Harris," who saw the negro Uncle Tom whipped to death by Tom Canaday, of Garrett County, Kentucky. Immediately afterward he crossed the Ohio on the ice, and gave the particulars to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, upon which she wrote the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

—Mr. Stewart's bequest of $1,000,000 to his friend Judge Hilton is the largest sum ever given by one man to another, not a relative, either in the United States or in Europe.

—Reports are rife in Europe of the contemplated abdication of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who has now been reigning for twenty-one years. It is known that the constitutional melancholy which is the curse of his house, and which has been further developed in his own case by the repeated attacks on his life, has of late increased, until the burden of his position has become almost insufferable, and his gloom affects the whole fabric of Russian government. It is a curious fact, and certainly a terrible one for a Czar to contemplate, that no Czar of Russia since the reign of Alexei (1645) has been throughout his life completely and uninterruptedly sane.

—Weston has put his very best foot foremost in England, and won quite as much fame by his pedestrian feats abroad as he did in America. He is one of those men who are "known by their walk," if not by their "conversation." In one of his recent contests his competitor was a man of the name of Martin, whose life seems to have been made up of cuts and bruises. His skull was trepanned after the battle of Inkerman, his breast-bone and several ribs set after the storming of the Redan, and a bullet taken out of his right leg during the Indian mutiny. In consequence of the wound in his head, he was subject to epileptic fits, and he was seized in this manner during his match with Weston.

—The late William T. Blodgett was a man of excellent taste in the fine arts, and the collection of paintings gathered together by him was very choice and valuable. It comprised works by some of the most noted of modern painters, American and European—Church, S. R. Gifford, Kensett, Mignot, Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, Couture, Gérôme, Meissonier, Durand, Whittredge, Schreyer, Doré, Frère, and many others. The most noted work in the collection is Church's "Heart of the Andes," the grandest landscape yet produced by an American artist. Meissonier is represented by his celebrated picture of "The Smoker;" Rosa Bonheur, by a "Landscape with Sheep and Cattle;" Schreyer, by "The Halt," representing two Arabs watering their horses at a well in the desert. There are, in all, nearly one hundred paintings in the collection, which has been for some time on exhibition at the Kurtz Gallery, preparatory to the auction sale, April 27, at Chickering Hall. It is rare that so fine an opportunity occurs to obtain choice specimens of the works of so many leading artists.

—The Queen of England will contribute to the Centennial the following works by herself and members of her family: twenty-six etchings by her Majesty, two table napkins spun by the Queen, a banner screen embroidered by her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, a table-cloth embroidered by the Princess Louise of Hesse and Princess Christiana of Schleswig-Holstein, and four drawings of flowers by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

—Miss Annie Louise Cary inventories the presents she has received in Europe at $45,000 @ $50,000, cash, and a bargain at that.

—The late John P. Hale, well remembered for his readiness and wit in the United States Senate, was not remarkable in college for scholarship, but was liked for his geniality. In his Latin not infrequently the author's meaning escaped him, but it was strangely clear to him when he edified the class by rendering Horace's saying, "*Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet*" ("Well begun, half done"), "He that is well lathered is half shaved."

—The statue of George D. Prentice is to be unveiled at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 8th of May. The new office of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, one of the largest and most architecturally spacious and elegant newspaper buildings in America, is to be formally opened at the same time.

—Among the pleasant things that are likely to occur at the Centennial will be the presence of the grandsons of Lafayette and Rochambeau. It is not improbable that they will be brought hither in the United States frigate *Franklin*, now in the Mediterranean.

—On opening his letters one morning recently, Professor Huxley found in one of them a check for £1000, sent by Mr. Thomasson, of Manchester, in the name of his lately deceased father, who was a great admirer of Professor Huxley, and highly appreciated his great achievements in furtherance of our knowledge of the science of life. Considering the little encouragement afforded to the study of pure science, this very practical and munificent method for the endowment of research is worthy of note, and we hope that the example may prove contagious.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, April 17, met as a Court of Impeachment for the trial of ex-Secretary Belknap. The accused pleaded the non-jurisdiction of the court, and the managers asked an adjournment. On the 19th the replication of the House was presented, and time was given the defendant to enter a rejoinder.—The question whether the House should obey the writ of *hábeas corpus* issued by the District Court on the application of Hallett Kilbourn, the recusant witness, was settled affirmatively, April 17, by a vote of 165 to 75.—The House, on the 18th, passed the bill making appropriations to supply deficiencies for the year ending June 30, 1876, and prior years.—The Senate, on the 20th, passed a bill to admit the Sherman diamond necklace free of duty.—The bill transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department passed the House, on the 21st, by a vote of 139 to 94.

The Indiana Democratic State Convention was held at Indianapolis, April 19. Ex-Congressman James D. Williams was nominated for Governor, and Isaac P. Grey for Lieutenant-Governor. The platform opposes the resumption of specie payments in 1879.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Grecian High Court of Justice has sentenced M. Balassopoulos, formerly Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, to one year's imprisonment, deprivation of political rights during three years, and to give the $10,000 he received as a bribe to the poor-house. M. Nikolopoulos, a former Minister of Justice, was sentenced to ten months' imprisonment. The Archbishop of Cephalonia was fined $10,000, the Archbishop of Patras $4400, and the Archbishop of Messene $4000, being double the amounts received as bribes. All were impeached for corruption and simony.

The Haytian consulate in New York has received cable advices from Kingston that the revolution in Hayti is triumphant. Dominique, the late President, has fled. Vice-President Rameau and General Lorquet, commanding the government forces, have been shot.

The loss of the *Victory*, from Shields for San Francisco, now appears to be beyond doubt. She had, besides Captain Jones, whose body was found, April 17, twenty-five hands and a pilot, all of whom were probably drowned.

Fifteen pilgrims were drowned, April 20, while crossing the river Vienne, near Parsac, in France.

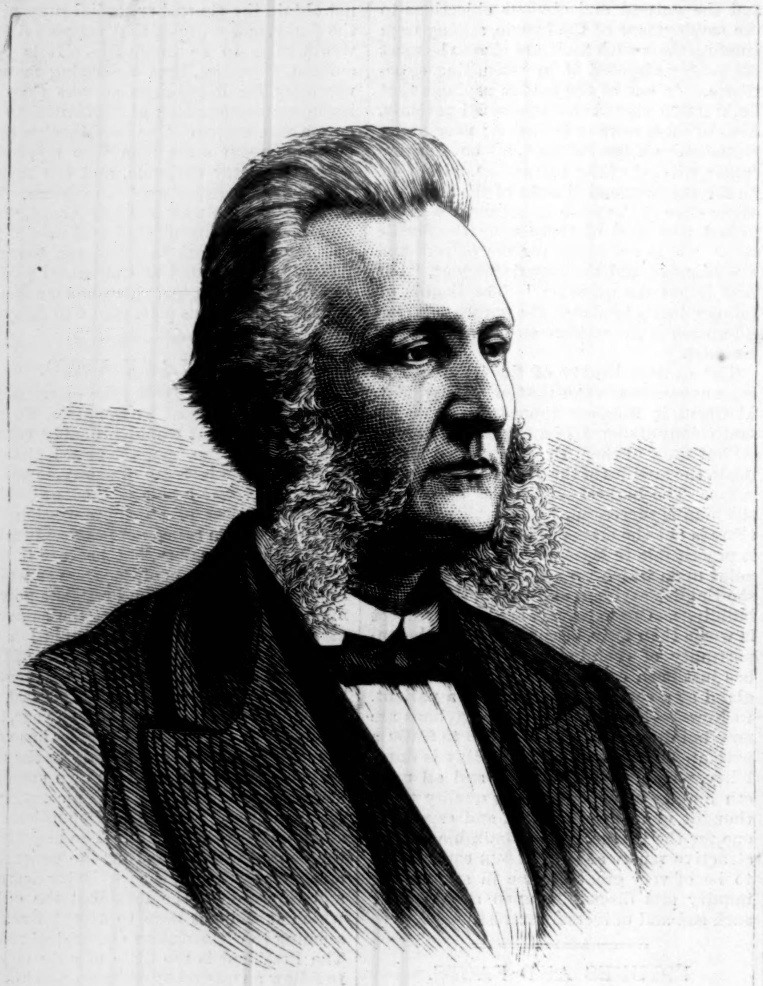
Negotiations between Spain and the Vatican have been suspended. The Spanish government has announced that it will accept the Concordat of 1851, except the clause decreeing religious unity. Spain will await fresh proposals from the Vatican before resuming negotiations. It is announced that the Pope has written an autograph letter to King Alfonso, reminding him of his promises to maintain religious unity and the Concordat. On the 21st, Señor Ulloa, leader of the constitutional opposition, attacked the proposed constitution in the Cortes. He asked the government whether dissenting chapels, schools, cemeteries, and publications would enjoy full liberty, and whether Catholicism would remain an indispensable qualification for persons wishing to enter the public service. A member of the majority replied that the government would grant equal liberty to Protestants and Catholics in regard to chapels and cemeteries. Other points would hereafter be the object of special organic laws, dictated by a liberal, prudent, and common-sense spirit.

THE NEW SURROGATE.

The Hon. Delano C. Calvin, who has been chosen by the Board of Aldermen of this city to fill the vacancy in the office of Surrogate of the County of New York caused by the recent death of the Hon. Stephen D. Van Schaick, came to this city a little over ten years ago from Watertown, Jefferson County, New York, where he had resided for about twenty years, and had held many offices of public trust and usefulness. He is a little over fifty years of age.

Mr. Calvin received an excellent education. After graduating from Professor Dewey's High School, in Rochester, New York, and pursuing his studies of the law for a time in the office of John Clarke, a prominent lawyer in Watertown, he then attended, and graduated in 1849 from, Professor Fowler's Law School, at Balston Spa, which at that time was regarded as one of the best and most thorough in the State. Among those then attending that school were Governor Bedle, of New Jersey, Judge A. R. Lawrence, of this city, and Winchester Britton, now District Attorney of Kings County.

Admitted to the bar the year he graduated from the Law School, Mr. Calvin at once entered upon the active practice of his profession. In 1852 he was elected District Attorney of Jefferson County, and held the office for three years, when he resumed the practice of the law, which he has actively continued up to the present time. His new appointment continues only until the fall election.



THE HON. DELANO C. CALVIN.

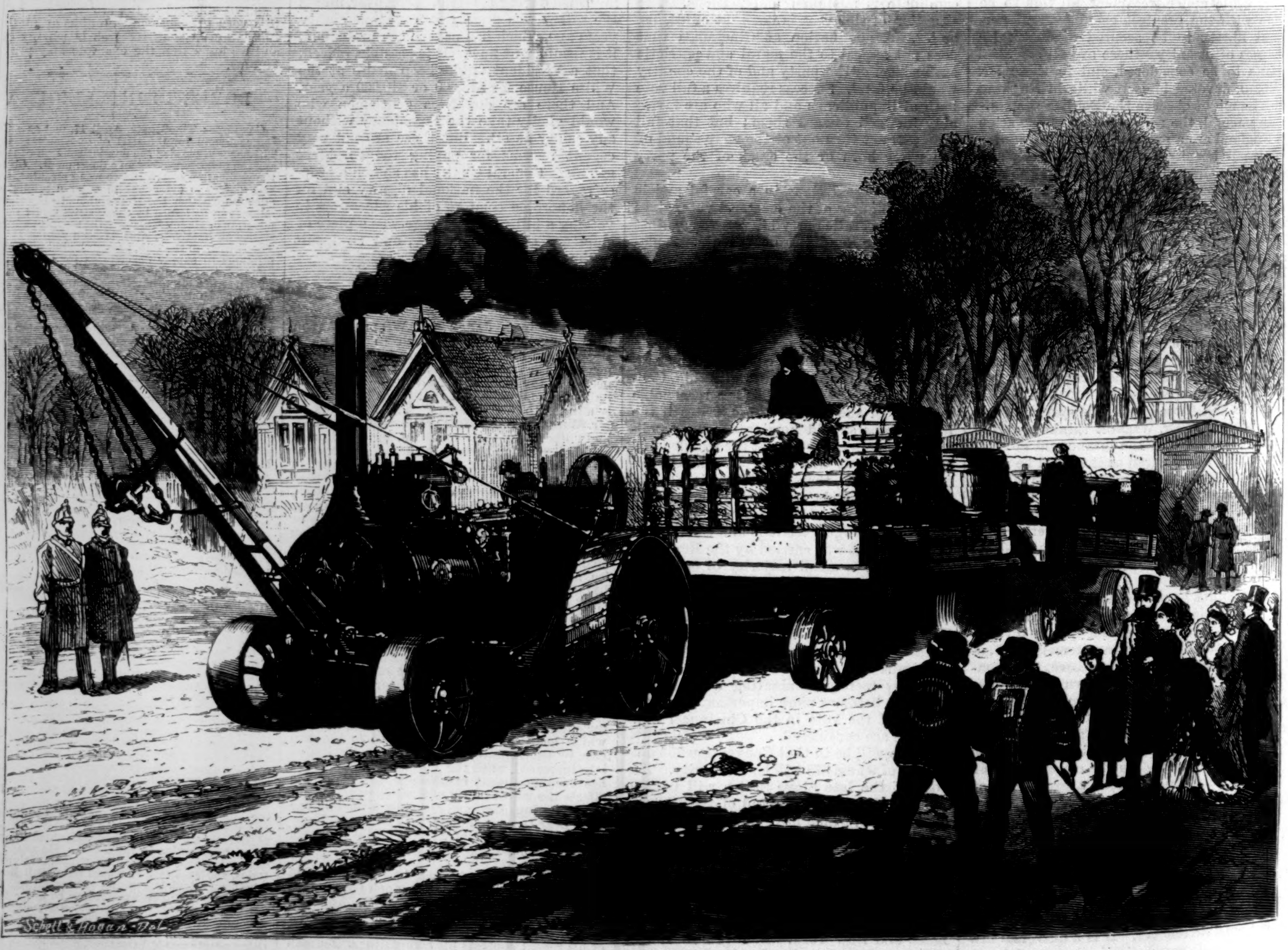
CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

The work of arranging for the opening of the Exhibition is pushed forward with all possible celerity, and despite the delays inseparable from an enterprise on so grand a scale as this, there is a good prospect that the 10th of May will find matters in a very satisfactory condition in the buildings and grounds. The principal delays occur in the handling of goods at the railway terminus. This could not, perhaps, be avoided, considering the immense number of packages constantly arriving. The routine of receiving, delivering, and properly arranging the goods in their several departments necessarily consumes much time. The chief of the Centennial Bureau of Transportation receipts to the railroad companies for the goods brought by them. They are then placed by the force on the space allotted to the exhibitor, when the chief of the bureau in charge of the building receipts to the Bureau of Transportation for, and thereby becomes custodian of them. Permits for the reception of goods and material are issued by the Bureau of Transportation. Permits for removing them are issued by the officers of the bureau in charge of the building. If articles or packages to be removed are in the foreign section of the Exhibition, a permit is also to be obtained from the customs officer in charge, he being responsible as storekeeper for the customs duties on them. Objection has been made in some quarters that there is too much red tape about these regulations; but it should be borne in mind that the property in charge of the several bureaus will be valued at many millions of dollars, and that much of it could be easily carried off unless the regulations were strict and rigidly enforced.

There is another cause of delay. Our own citizens have been remiss in their work, and now, at the eleventh hour, are rushing in their contributions to the display. This late activity entails extra labor upon those who are charged with the arrangement of the goods in the several departments. The French and English departments are far ahead of ours in preparation, and even the Australian colonies have beaten our own exhibitors in point of time. Their contributions were among the first to arrive on the grounds. It will require a great amount of rapid work to atone for our seeming apathy.

The engraving on this page shows a road locomotive employed by the English Commission in transporting goods received from England and the various British colonies. As will be seen, it is furnished with a derrick for lifting and placing heavy packages. On page 372 we give a view of the Centennial buildings as they appear to an observer looking across the magnificent Girard Avenue Bridge. The view is very attractive—the wide river, with its picturesque banks, the noble park, one of the finest in the world, and the extensive buildings showing above the trees in the distance, form a panorama of which Philadelphia may well be proud. The bridge is an iron structure, 1000 feet long and 100 feet wide, and stands fifty-two feet above mean water mark. The roadway, which is about sixty-seven feet wide, is constructed of granite blocks; the sidewalks on each side, for foot-passengers, are each about sixteen feet in width, and are paved with slate, with encaustic tile borders. Bronze panels, representing birds and foliage, ornament the balustrade and cornice. The bridge was opened for travel about two years ago.

In a recent letter to the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Bayard Taylor points out the advantages of Fairmount Park over the exhibition grounds of the great "World's Fairs" of Europe. He says: "The first, in Hyde Park, had space, but no external decoration; the first French, in 1855, and the second English, in 1862, had neither. In 1867, the level, gravelly floor of the Champ de Mars was converted, at an immense expense, into an ornamental garden; but the large transplanted trees all looked sickly, and even the turf and flowers wore an aspect of haste and force rather than of natural growth. The Prater, in Vienna, was a much more advantageous location in the way of space and full-grown trees; yet its dead level beside the Danube defied the weak attempts made to vary the surface. Every shower made pools, which filtered away slowly through the moist soil. Fairmount Park, on the contrary, offers a situation which could hardly be improved. With its grand old trees, its slopes of mellow turf, its high, breezy plateaus, divided by the picturesque hollow of Landsdowne Glen, its airy outlook from George's Hill, and its shining reaches of the Schuylkill between sloping walls of foliage, it seems to have been designed by nature for just such an occasion. All the main points are nearly on a level, yet each is brought into prominence by the hollows which divide it from the others on the side toward the river. I do not see how a better disposition could have been made of the grounds. When the alchemy of the warmer sun shall have been felt, when the last scaffolding is cleared away, and all the rubbish of the final preparations removed—when the new grass is thick, and the mounds of flowers hasten to bloom, and the fountains are let loose—whoever comes here will dread no comparison with the large undertakings of other lands."


Schell & Hogan. Del.

ENGLISH ROAD LOCOMOTIVE, CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.—[Drawn by Schell and Hogan.]

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

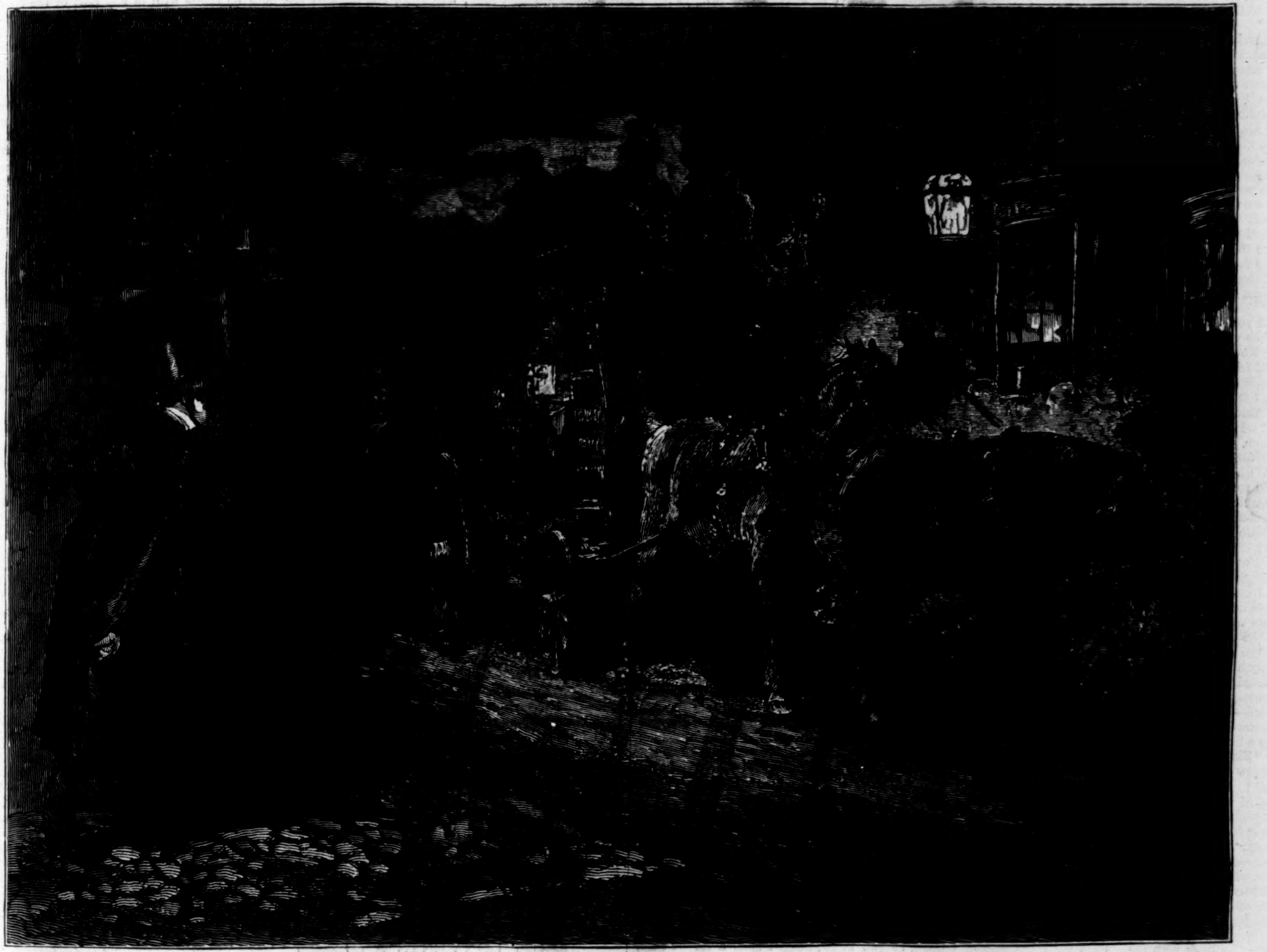
Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

MEETING THE COACH.

There happened, however, to be some one else whose opinion differed very widely from that of Mr. Hardenow as to the necessity for any prompt appearance of either Mr. or Mrs. Joseph Smith.

The old red house in Cross-Duck Lane was ready to jump out of its windows—if such a feat be possible—with eagerness and anxiety at the long absence of its master. Mr. Luke Sharp had not crossed his own threshold for ten whole days, including two Sundays, when even an attorney may give leg-bail to the Power under whose "Ca. ad sa." he lives. The business of the noble firm of Piper, Pepper, Sharp, and Co. was falling sadly into arrears at the very busiest time of year; for Mr. Sharp had always kept his very best clerks in leading strings; and Kit thus far, with his mother's aid, had battled against all articles. Christopher Fermitage Sharp, Esq., was resolved to be a country gentleman and a sportsman, and no quill-driver; he felt that his arms, and legs as well, were a great deal too good for going on and under desk.



"'WELL DONE, MY LORD!' SAID THE GENTLEMAN ON THE BOX."

With fine resignation Kit accepted the absence of his father. With his father away, he was a very great man; with his father at home, he was quite a small boy. He liked to play master of a house, and frighten his mother and the maids; and vow to dine at the "Mitre" all the rest of the week, if that was their style of cookery!

But poor Mrs. Sharp could not treat the matter thus. Truly delighted as she was to see her dear boy take his father's place, and conduct himself with dignity as the head of the household, and find fault with things of which he knew nothing, and order this, that, and the other away, still she could not help remembering that all this was not as it ought to be. Christopher ought to have been in tortures of intense anxiety; and, so far as that went, so ought she; and she really tried very hard not to sleep, and to sit up listening for the night-bell. But a man who thinks every thing of his own will, and nothing of any other person's wish, may be pretty sure that none will miss his presence so much as himself does.

In spite of all that, Mrs. Sharp was anxious, and so was the rest of the household—though rather perhaps with care than love—at the long, unaccountable absence of the head and the brain of every thing. Even the boys in Cross-Duck Lane, who had a strong idea that Lawyer Sharp would defend them against the magistrates, were beginning to feel that they must look out before throwing stones at any other boys.

"You are not at all the thing, my darling boy," said Mrs. Sharp to Christopher, on the evening of that same Monday on which the council had been held at Shotover; "your want of appetite makes me wretched. Now put on your cloak, my pet, and go as far as Carfax or Magdalen Bridge. The two evening coaches will soon be in—the 'Defiance' and the 'Regulator.' I have a strong idea that your father will come by one or other of them."

"I may just as well go there as any where else," the young man answered, gloomily. For some days now he had striven in vain for an interview with his charmer; and, most unkindest cut of all, he had spied her once, and she had run away. "It does not matter where I go."

"When you talk like that, dear child, you have no idea what you do. You simply break the heart of your poor mother—and much you care for that! Now if you should see any very fresh calves' sweet-breads, or even a pig's fry, or any thing you fancy, order it in, dear, at once; and be sure that you are at home by nine o'clock; and bring your dear papa with you, if you can."

Kit, with a sigh and a roll of his eyes, flung his cloak around him, and with long, slow, melancholy strides clomb the arduous steep of Carfax. Here, at that time—if any faith there be to bruit of veterans—eighty well-equipped quadrigæ daily passed with prance of steeds and sound of classic trump, and often youthful charioteer, more apt to handle than win ribbons. Forty chariots came from smoke, and wealth, and din of blessed Rome; and other forty sped them back, with the glory and mud of the country divine.

The moody Kit ensconced himself, away from the tramp of the vulgar crowd, in the beetling doorway of a tailor who had put his shutters up; and thrice being challenged by proctors velvet-sleeved, and velvet-selvaged Pro—"Sir, are you a member of this university?"—thrice had the pleasure of answering, "No!" Once and again he wiped his hectic cheek and fevered brow with a yellow bandana, from which the winner of last year's Derby was washing out; and he saw the "Defiance" and the "Regulator" pass, newly horsed from rival inns, exalting their horns against one another, with splinter-bars swinging behind cocked tails, all eager for their race upon the Cheltenham road. But he saw not the author of his existence; yet no tear bedewed his unfilial eye, though these were the likeliest coaches.

"All right," he said, putting his pipe in its case; "governor won't come home to-night. I'm in no hurry, if he isn't. I think I'll have sheep's trotters. It's a beastly time of the year for any thing." Twitching his cloak, which had two long tassels, he strode from his post of observation and morbid meditation toward a tidy and clean little tripe shop. He knew the old woman who kept it, in George Street, and she always put him into good condition by generous admiration.

Alas! he had stridden but a very few strides when he met the up coach from Woodstock, wearily with spent horses making rally for the "Star." The driver (a man of fine family at Christchurch, now in his seventh term, and fighting off his "smalls"), with a turn of his strong arm, pulled the team together, while with the other hand he launched a scouring flourish of the shrill scourge over every blessed horse's ears.

"Well done, my lord!" said the gentleman on the box, as the four horses pulled up foot for foot, and stood with their ears and their noses one for one; "you have brought them up in noble style, my lord. I never saw it done more perfectly."

My lord touched his white hat, and said nothing. He had crowned his day as he always loved to crown it; and now, if he could get into a back-room of the "Star," pull off his top-boots and cape, and don cap and gown, and fetch back to college clear of £5 fine—as happy as any lord would he be, till nature sent him forth to drive again to-morrow.

But Kit, having very keen ears, had recognized, even from the other side of the street, the sound of his dear father's voice. Mr. Luke Sharp never missed a chance of commending a nobleman's exploits; but he would not have spoken in so loud a tone, perhaps, if he had known that his son was near at hand. For he hated with a consistent hatred—whether he were doing well or ill—all observation of his movements by any member of his household. Christopher, being well aware of this, pursued his own course in the shadow, but resolved, with filial piety, to keep his good father in sight, for fear of his falling into any mischief.

First of all, Mr. Sharp—as observed at a respectful distance by his son—went into the coach office, and there left his hand-bag and his traveling-coat; then, carrying something rolled under his arm, he betook himself to a little quiet tap-room, and called for something that loomed and steamed afar, very much after the manner of hot brown grog.

"Ho! ho!" muttered Kit; "then he isn't going home! My duty to the household commands me to learn why."

With a smack of his lips, Mr. Sharp the elder came out into Corn Market Street again, and, turning his back on his home, set forth at a rapid pace for the broad desert of St. Giles. Here he passed into an unlit alley, in the lonely parts beyond St. John's; and Kit, full of wonder, was about to follow, but hung back as the receding figure suddenly stopped and began to shift about. In a nice dark place the learned gentleman unrolled the traveling-rug he had been carrying, undoubled it, after that, from some selvage—and, lo! there was a city watchman's large loose overall! Then he pressed down the crown of his black spring hat, till it lay on his head like a pancake, pulled the pouch of his long cloak over that, and emerged from his alley with a vigilant slouch, whistling "Moll Maloney." Considerable surprise found its way into the candid mind of Christopher.

"Well, now!" thought the ungrateful youth, as he shrank behind a tree to peep; "I always knew that governor was a notch or two too deep for us; but what he is up to now surpasses all experience of him. What shall I do? It seems so nasty to go spying after him. And yet things are taking such a very strange turn, that for the sake of my mother, who is worth a thousand of him, I do believe I am bound to see what this strange go may lead to."

Young curiosity sprang forth, and strongly backed up his sense of duty; insomuch that Kit, after hesitating and listening for any other step, stealthily followed the "author of his existence" across the dark and dusty road. "He is going to Squeaker Smith's," thought the lad; "he will get a horse, and ride away, no end; and of course I can never go after him. I am sure it has something to do with me. Such troubles are enough to drive one mad."

But Mr. Sharp did not turn in at the lamp-lit entrance to those mews. He shunned the beaming oil, which threw barred shadows upon sawdust of a fine device, and, keeping all his merits in the dark, strode on, like a watchman newly ordered to his post. Then suddenly he turned down a narrow unmade lane, hillocked with clay, and leading (as Christopher knew quite well) to the wildest part of "Jericho."

"I will follow him no further," said Kit Sharp, with a sudden pain of great disgrace shooting into him; "he is my father; what right have I to pry into his secrets? How I wish that I had not followed him at all! It serves me right for meanness. I will go home now; what care I for any thing—trotters, cow-heel, or sweet-bread?"

As he turned, to carry out this good resolve, with a heart that would have ailed him more for leaving fears unfinished, the sound of a clouting, loutish footstep came along the broken mudbanks of the narrow lane. The place was lonely, dark, and villainous: foot-pads still abounded. Kit knew that his father often carried large sums of money, and always the great gold watch; he might have been decoyed here for robbery and murder, upon pretense of secret business; clearly it was the young man's duty not to be too far away. Therefore he drew back, and stood in the jaws of the dark entrance.

But while he was ready to leap forth if wanted, the sound of quiet voices told him that there was no danger. Kit could not hear the first few words; but his father came back toward the mouth of the lane, as if he would much rather not go into the dark too deeply. Christopher therefore was obliged either to draw back into the hedge, and there lie hid without moving, or else to come forward and declare himself. He knew that the latter was his proper course, or he might have known it, if he had taken time to think; but the dread of his father and the hurry of the moment drove him, without thought, into the lurking-place. It was quite dark now, and there was not a lamp within a furlong of them.

"You quite understand me, then." Mr. Sharp was speaking in a low clear voice. "You are not to say a word to Cripps about it. He is true enough to me, because he dare not be otherwise; but he is an arrant coward. I want a man who has the spirit to defy the law, when he knows that he is well backed up."

"Governor, I am your man for that. I have defied the law, since I were that high, with only my mother in the wukuss to back me."

"What I mean is, to defy the wrong fashions of the law; the petty rules that go against all common-sense and equity."

"All the fashions of the law be wrong. I might a' got on in the world like a house afire, if it hadn't been for the devil's own law. To tell me a thing is agin the law is as good as an eyster to my teeth. Go on, governor; no fear of that, I say."

"And you know where to find, at any moment, a man as resolute as yourself—Joe Smith. Well, you know what you have to do, in case of any sudden stir arising. At present, all goes well; but all, at any moment, may go wrong. Squire Overshute is about again at last—"

"Ah, if I could only come across of he of a dark night, such as this be—"

"And that fool Cinnaminta has told him all she knows—which, luckily, is not very much. I took good care to keep women out of it. And the carrier too has been smelling about; but he hasn't the sense of his own horse. Night and day, George, night and day, keep a look-out, and have the horses ready. You know what I have done for you, my man."

"Governor, if it hadn't been for you, I might a' seed the clouds through a halter loop."

"You speak the truth, and express it well. And you may still enjoy that fair opportunity, unless you attend to every word I say."

"No fear, governor; I know you too well. A good friend and a bad enemy you be. Thick and thin, Sir—thick and thin. Agin all the world, Sir, I sticks by you."

"Enough for to-night, my man. Get ready and be off. I shall know where to find you, as before. I shall ride over to-morrow if I find it needful."

With these words Mr. Luke Sharp set off at a good round pace for Oxford, while the other man shambled and whistled his way homeward up the black-mouthed lane. Perceiving these things, Christopher Sharp, with young bones, leaped from his hiding-place. Astonishment might have been read upon his ingenuous and fat countenance, if the lighting committee of the corporation had carried out their duty. But (having no house of their own out here) they had, far back, put colophon upon the nascent gas pipe. The ambition of the city at that time was to fill all the houses of the citizens, and extend in no direction. But though his countenance, for want of light, only wasted its amazement, Kit—like Hector with his windpipe damaged, but not by any means perforated—gave issue to his sentiments. Unlike Hector—so far as we know—Kit had been forming a habit of using language too strong for ladies.

"Blow me!" was his unheroic explanation—"blow me, if ever yet I knew so queer a start as this! Sure as eggs is eggs that is the very blackguard I drubbed for his insolence. His voice is enough, and his snuffle; and I believe he was rubbing his nose in the dark. I am sure he's the man; I could swear it's the man, though I could not see his filthy face at all. My father to be in a conspiracy with him! And poor Cinnaminta, and Mr. Overshute! What the dickens is the meaning of it all? The governor has a thousand times my brains, as every body says, and I am the last to grudge it to him; and he thinks he can do what he likes with me. I am not quite sure of that, if he puts my pecker up too heavily."

To throw his favorite light on his own reflections, Kit Sharp lit his pipe, and followed slowly in his father's wake. Wiser, and wider, and brighter men might be found betwixt every two lamp posts, but few more simple, soft, and gentle than this honest lawyer's son.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MOTIVE.

Perfectly free from all suspicions, and as happy as he deserved to be, Mr. Sharp leaned back in his easy-chair, after making an excellent supper, and gazed with complacency at his good wife. He was really glad to be at home again, and to find his admiring household safe, and to rest for a while with a quiet brain, as the lord and master of every thing. Christopher had been sent to bed, as if he were only ten years old; for instead of exhibiting the proper joy, he had behaved in a very strange and absent manner; and his father, who delighted much in snubbing him sometimes, had requested him to seek his pillow. Kit had accepted this proposal very gladly, longing as he did to think over by himself that strange adventure of the evening.

"Now, darling Luke," began Mrs. Sharp, as soon as she had made her husband quite snug, and provided him with a glass of negus, "you really must be amazed at my unparalleled patience and self-control. You ran away suddenly at the very crisis of a most interesting and momentous tale. And from that day to this I have not had one word; and how to behave to Kit has been a riddle beyond riddles. How I have seen to the dinner—I am sure—and of sleep I have scarcely had fifty winks, between my anxiety about you and misery at not knowing how the story ended."

"Very well, Miranda, I will tell you all the rest, together with the postscript added since I went to London. Only you must stay up very late, I fear, to get to the proper end of it."

"I will stay till the cocks crow. At least, I mean, dear, if, after your long journey, you are really fit for it. If not, I will wait till to-morrow, dear."

Mr. Sharp was touched by his wife's consideration for him. He loved her more than he loved any one else in the world, except himself; and though (like many other clear-headed men) he had small faith in brains feminine, he was not quite certain that he might not get some useful idea out of them when the matter at issue was feminine.

"I am ready, if you are, my dear," he said, for he hated to beat about the bush. "Only I must know where I left off. With all I have done since, I quite forget."

"You left off just when you had discovered the real man who was called 'Jolly Fellows;' the man Cousin Fermitage left his will with."

"To be sure! Or at least, it was a codicil. Very well; I found him in the wine-vaults of the company, where they have been for generations. He was going round with some large and good customer, such as old Fermitage himself had been. Senhor Gelofilos had a link in one hand, and in the other a deep dock glass, while a man in his shadow bore a flashing gimlet and a long-armed siphon tap. From cell to cell and pipe to pipe they were going in regular order, showing brands, *ex* this, and *ex* that, and making little taps and trying them.

"I was admitted, without a word, as one of this solemn procession, being taken for a member of the sacred trade; and the number of sips of wine I got, and the importance attached to my opinion, would have made you laugh, Miranda. At length I got a chance of speaking alone to Senhor Gelofilos, a tall, dark, gentlemanly man, of grave and dignified manner. He at once remembered that he had received a paper from Mr. Fermitage; of its nature, however, he knew nothing, not being acquainted with our legal forms. He had kept it, however, in a box at his house, and if I could call upon him after office hours, he would show it to me with pleasure. Accordingly, I took a hackney-coach to his house near Hampstead in the evening, and found that old 'Port-wine' had not deceived me during our last interview.

"I held in my hand a most important codicil to the old man's will, duly executed and attested, so far at least as could be decided without inquiry. By this codicil he revoked his will thus far, that instead of leaving the residue, after payment of legacies, to his widow absolutely, he left her a life-interest in that residue, after bequeathing the sum of £20,000, duty free, to his niece, Grace Oglander."

"Out of my money, Luke!" cried Mrs. Sharp, indignantly. "Twenty thousand pounds out of my money! And what niece of his was she, I should like to know? Was there nothing whatever for his own flesh and blood?"

"Nothing whatever," answered Mr. Sharp, calmly. "But wait a bit, Miranda, wait. Well, all the residue of his estate, after the decease of his said wife Joan, was by this codicil absolutely given to his said niece Grace. He said that they both would know why he had made the change. And then the rest of his will was confirmed, as usual."

"I never heard such a thing! I never heard such robbery!" exclaimed Mrs. Sharp, with her fat hands spread. "I hope you will contest it all, my dear. If there is law in the land, you can not fail to upset such a vile, vile will. You can show that the fungus got into his brain."

"My dear, it is my object to establish that will, or the codicil rather, which I thus discovered. I am obliged to proceed very carefully, of course; a rash step would ruin every thing. Unluckily the executors remain as before, though he would not trust them with the codicil. Well, one of them, as you know, bought such a lot of port, half-price, at his testator's sale, that in three months he required an executor for himself. The other took warning by his fate, and is going in for claret and the sour Rhenish wines. This has made him as surly as a bear, and he is a most difficult man to manage. But if any one can handle him, I can; and he has a deadly quarrel with that haughty Joan. I had first ascertained, without any stir, that the attestation is quite correct—two stupid bottle-men, who gave no thought to what they were doing, but can swear to the signing; and the codicil itself, though 'Port-wine' drew it without any lawyer, is quite clear and good. At the proper moment I produce the codicil, account for my possession of it, go to Mr. Wigginton, and make him prove it; and then, I think, we turn the tables on the proud old widow."

"Oh, Luke, what a proud day that would be for me! The things I have endured from that odious woman! Of course it will mortify her not to have disposal, and to have to give up £20,000, the miser, the screw, the expositor hypocrite! The filthy silk stockings I should be ashamed to own! But, darling Luke, I do not see how we ourselves are a bit the better off for it. Poor Grace being dead, of course her father takes the money."

"Suppose for a moment that, instead of being dead, Grace Oglander is the wedded wife, by that time, of a certain Christopher Fermitage Sharp, and without any settlement?"

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Sharp, jumping with astonishment. "Is it possible? Is it possible?"

"It is more than possible, it is probable; and without some very bad luck, it is certain."

"Oh, you darling love!" she very nearly shouted, giving him a hug with her plump white arms. "Oh, Luke, Luke, it is the noblest thing I ever heard! And she is such a nice girl too, so sweet, and clever, and superior! The very daughter I would have chosen out of fifty thousand. And with all that money at her back! Why, we can retire, and set up a green barouche! I shall have it lined with the new agate color, trimmed with deep puce, like the Marchioness of Marston's—that is, if you approve, of course, my dear. And a pair of iron-grays always go the best with that. But, Luke, you will laugh at me for being in a hurry. There is plenty of time, dear, is there not? though they do say that carriage builders are so slow. But they think so much of their old family, my dear. I know how very wonderfully managing you are, and as clever as can be consistent with the highest principle. But do tell me how you have contrived all this so well, and never even let me guess a single whisper of it."

"It has required some tact and skill," Mr. Sharp replied, with a twinkle in his eyes, and taking a good pull at his port-wine negus; "and even more than that, Miranda; without a bold stroke it could never have been done. I staked almost every thing upon the die; not quite every thing, for I made all arrangements if we should have to fly."

"Fly, my dear!" cried Mrs. Sharp, looking up with a very different face; "what do you mean, Luke?—to have to run away?"

"Quite so. There is no great stroke but has its miss. And if I had missed, we must all have bolted suddenly."

"The Lord forbid! Run away in disgrace from my father's own house, and the whole world that knows us! I never could have tried to go through such a trial."

"Yes, my dear Miranda, it might have come to that. And you would have gone through the whole of it without a single murmur."

"Luke, I positively tremble at you," the good woman answered, as her eyes fell under his. "How stern you can look when you want to scare me!"

"Miranda, I tell you the simple truth. We must all have been in France within twelve hours if, if—well, never mind. Nothing venture, nothing win. But happily we have won, I believe; though we must not be too sure as yet. We have justice on our side; but justice does not always prevail against facts. And public opinion would set against us with great ferocity if we failed. If we succeed, all men will praise us as soon as we begin to spend our money, and exert it near home at the outset. Every thing depends upon success; of course it always does in every thing."

"My dear, it is not fair of you to talk like that," Mrs. Sharp answered, with tears in her eyes; for, in all her kind and ungirt nature, she had no large seed of cynicism; "you must feel that I would hold by you always, whatever all the world might have the impudence to say, dear."

"Beyond a doubt you would. You could do no otherwise. But that might be of very little use. I mean, that it would be the very greatest prop, and comfort, and blessing, and support in every way, and would keep up one's faith, to some extent, in human nature and divine assistance; but still, if we had to live on three pound ten a week! However, we will not anticipate the worst. You would like to know how the whole thing stands now?"

Mr. Sharp saw that his wife was timid, which of all things would be fatal now; for her aid was indispensable. Otherwise, perhaps, he would not have been quite so ready to tell her every thing. He had put things so that her dislikes and envies, as well as her likings and loves and ambitions, would compel her to work with him. If she were lukewarm his whole scheme must fail. At the mere idea his temper stirred. "Will you hear the rest? Or is your mind upset?" he asked, a little roughly. His wife looked up brightly from some little blink of thought. "Every word of it now; I must hear every word, if you will be so kind, my dear. I will go and see that all the doors are shut."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JESUIT CONVENTS AND SCHOOLS.

Connected with the recent revival of ultramontanism and the rule of Jesuitism in the Papal Church is the rapid tendency of the Roman Catholic teaching to the grossest of the mediæval superstitions, and an intense cruelty that seems at present to be often visited upon its own followers, to rites that are as savage as any of the observances told by early travelers of the priests of Ashantee, and a total subjection of the human reason to the will of fanatical confessors and monkish despots. It is not enough that the followers of the new papacy are forced to accept every fanciful or repulsive miracle that is devised by the acute clergy of Belgium or France, that they are carried to Lourdes or Monial in absurd pilgrimages, are required to believe not only that the Pope is infallible, but that he is a poor prisoner in the Vatican, and expend their alms upon the wealthiest citizen of Italy, but it seems the ultramontanes are expected in future to revive the macerations and the personal discipline of the fiercest ascetics. Bodily tortures and personal suffering are openly insisted upon in the new papal ritual. Dr. Bagshawe, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, it is related in an English paper, has introduced the flagellum among his priests and worshipers, and requires them to whip themselves on their bare shoulders into a condition of abject obedience to his apostolic rule. "On every other night of the week," it is stated, "a number of persons assemble in the library of the presbytery, strip themselves to the waist, and flagellate their bare backs with a whip; made with a short wooden handle to which are attached five thongs of knotted whip-cord, supposed to suggest 'the five sacred wounds.'" At present this ceremony is said to be confined to men, but is soon to be extended to the gentler sex, who are supposed to be equally ambitious of so complete a purification. And Nottingham will soon offer an instructive spectacle of the absurd cruelty of its ultramontane prelate.

It has long been known that the flagellations and fastings enjoined by Loyola in his institutes were still practiced by some of his more austere followers, and that hair shirts were worn and severe macerations employed by men as noted as Le Tellier or the modern Ravaignac; and it has naturally been suspected that the whip is not seldom applied to the cure of a natural insubordination within the closely guarded walls of even American convents, and that nuns and monks have been subjected to horrible tortures in the secrecy of their self-chosen imprisonment. There can, indeed, be no doubt that the whole system of convent life, with its seclusion, secrecy, inaccessibility, defiance of the law, its interference with the parental tie, with relationship and the hopes of marriage, with the usefulness of the citizen, and the progress of intelligence and virtue, is so odious to all the native impulses of freedom that, however it may be tolerated for a moment, it can not long be borne with in any part of the New World, and must soon be abolished by the general will of the people. Convents and conventual schools, which have been broken up all over Italy by an intelligent government that knows their perils and the gross cruelties practiced within their walls, can not find any sure refuge in a land of free instruction and general knowledge. To shut up helpless women for life in these often fatal retreats, to expose them without appeal to the tyranny of a lady superior, exclude them from the aid of their parents and friends, leave them alone amidst the cruel usages of the ultramontane ritual, is something shocking to common-sense and natural feeling; and the recent practices of Dr. Bagshawe at Nottingham will serve to increase the suspicious dislike with which all these establishments are looked upon. What parent would suffer his child to enter a conventual school where these ultramontane severities are practiced? What mother trust a daughter within the dangerous precincts of a modern nunnery?

Most intelligent Roman Catholics will probably admit that the monastic system is wholly unfitted to exist amidst the light of modern intelligence, and that these closely guarded prisons for young men and young women, where no ray of observation is permitted, which are closely hidden from sight, may often become scenes of tyranny and cruelty from which the unhappy victims have no escape; and that in all past ages convents and nunneries have too often served to cultivate indolence and license rather than the hardy virtues of freemen. But to the Protestant and non-sectarian part of the community these schools and convents are more than ever odious. In Italy they have been wholly broken up, in Spain almost entirely, in France are carefully watched, in Prussia altogether forbidden; and that they are permitted to exist and grow up in great numbers in Great Britain and the United States is one of the anomalies of freedom which ultramontanism seems resolved itself to correct. The extreme faction which rules the Roman Church can not be trusted in any nation or state. Its whole history is a record of strife with civil governments. It is the parent of rebellion and the author of incessant political plots. Ultramontanism persecuted dissent in France under the shelter of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., until it roused the Parliaments to revolt against royalty; and the chief excesses of the French Revolution sprang from the reactionary intrigues of ultramontane priests. Spain has scarcely escaped from the grasp of its clerical despotism. Mexico and South America are still agitated by the intrigues and the cruelties of an extreme faction of the papacy; and it is easy to see that with a chain of convents and nunneries reaching through all our chief towns and cities, enormously wealthy, often maintained by the State, the centres of a political faction whose only aim is the aggrandizement of the Papal Church, and of reactionary clubs inspired by a foreign priesthood, there can be no peace in American politics, and no safety for freedom under the shadow of a religious despotism.

These institutions already cover our country in extraordinary numbers, and are flourishing in wealth and activity. Few of our populous towns but have their convents or their Jesuit schools. They are found scattered along the Atlantic coast, fill the landscape of the interior, are rising in great splendor in Kansas and Minnesota, and almost line the shores of the Pacific. A convent or a conventual school is a common feature of an American scene. The monasteries that lie in ruins amidst the richest lands of England seem revived in the English settlements of the New World. As usual, the finest sites and the most valuable positions are chosen by the founders of these American monastic schools. Their buildings are rich and often splendid, their lands grow in extent year by year. A convent of the Sacred Heart or a Jesuit college seems endowed with a native faculty of swallowing up the property in its neighborhood, and amasses wealth by concentrating in priestly hands the small earnings of the many. This was the process which was so fatally pursued in England, Scotland, or France, until a great part of the land of each country had fallen into the possession of the ruling Church, was freed from taxation, produced no returns to the state, weighed down the resources of the poor, and was at last ravished from its priestly usurpers by a violent civil convulsion to be restored to the common use of society. It is against this system of accumulation in mortmain that the founders of the republic warned their descendants, and our English ancestors passed rigid laws forbidding the holding of such lands except by a special law. We, however, seem to have wholly neglected the lesson of the past. We have no mortmain law, and we have even allowed the State to be called upon to aid in stimulating the growth of the monastic system among us. The conventual schools escape taxation; the convent gathers in its lands unchecked, and often is aided by a subsidy from the State to enable it to erect its costly buildings and provide its ample grounds. The flagellum is applied at the expense of the community, and the asceticism of the Dark Ages fostered by the bribes of unscrupulous factions.

One of the most prosperous of these ultramontane schools, according to the account recently given in a Roman Catholic paper, is the New York Protectory, and its history shows with what startling rapidity an institution may be built up by the aid of political intrigue and Democratic subservience to the papal vote. It was founded in 1865 to educate poor children and "to propagate the Roman Catholic faith." It was altogether a sectarian institution, designed to spread the influence of a single Church. It is a centre of ultramontanism, and under the active control of the Jesuits. At first the Protectory languished, and might have remained obscure and unimportant. But when the papal vote had brought the Tweed dynasty into power and had established its despotic rule over the lives and property of the citizens, the Protectory was made a sharer in the spoils of the city, and rose at once into great prosperity. It received two, and perhaps three, hundred thousand dollars annually from our ultramontane rulers. It was made one of the city asylums, and was maintained in great part at the cost of the people. Connolly and Sweeny seem never to have grown weary of lavishing new donations upon the flourishing institution. Its Jesuit managers drew freely from the stream of plunder, and accepted the profuse gifts of officials whom they must have known were thieves, or had the reputation of being so. Year after year the Protectory was adorned by fine and costly buildings; its lands extended; its gardens, farms, workshops, and factories are models of excellence. Within eight years, under the liberality of our ultramontane masters, it has grown into a vast and powerful engine for "the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith." It educates 1800 children, who spend four hours in labor and study; the rest are given to "devotion, recreation, and sleep." The Protectory seems to have grown into a sort of rural paradise of the ultramontanes. We are told of its "graperies, orchards, conservatories." It has a shop for the sale of the shoes its inmates manufacture, and which are said to be of excellent quality. It hopes to compete successfully in various crafts with the less-favored operatives who receive no aid from the State. Its means of accumulation seem to have been equaled by no similar institution in history; and if within the course of six or seven years it has contrived to amass so large a property, and helped to create its Tweeds and Sweenys, it is easy to compute how immense will be its wealth, how vast its political strength, when it has reached another decade. So powerful is it already that no political party or official has dared to withdraw its vast annual stipend, or to deny the aid of the impoverished city to a wealthy sect that refuses to maintain its own poor, and to an institution expressly founded "to propagate the Roman Catholic faith."

There are besides the Protectory a large number of papal institutions in New York that have grown rich by what we can not but call the plunder of the community. One of them, a conventual school on One-hundredth Street, holds sixty acres of land of immense value on which it will pay no taxes. The monastic element runs through them all; they are all centres of rigid ultramontanism. Intelligent and liberal Roman Catholics no doubt disapprove wholly of their practices, would be glad to see monastic prisons and secret retreats banished from among us, are willing to exclude religion from politics, and are desirous of becoming wholly Americans. But they are powerless. Jesuitism rules at Rome, and the terrors of a spiritual despotism hold all Roman Catholics in America spell-bound in a silent and passive obedience. Our Democratic politicians owe their offices to the ultramontanes, and obey them. We, too, seem powerless to check the spread of monastic barbarity in the republic, and a revolution as radical as that of Italy may at last be required to sweep away our ultramontane convents and schools. Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The want of a good life of Sir William Herschel has long been felt, and it was natural to fear that a good one could never be written, as the generation who knew him has passed away. It is fortunate that Lady Herschel (the widow of Sir John) has been willing to give to the world the correspondence of Caroline Herschel, the youngest sister and the indefatigable and faithful assistant of Sir William for many years. Although no connected history of the astronomical life at Slough is given, we may congratulate ourselves that many of the facts of this life are now on record, and that the one person most capable of giving its details has given them in so charming a form. The publication of this book will be not only a boon to astronomers, but the world in general will confess on reading it that it could ill afford to lose the knowledge of Miss Herschel's devoted life.

It is intended to exhibit at the South Kensington Museum, London, during 1876, a collection of scientific instruments and apparatus, which is to be composed of articles loaned from all the principal countries of Europe. Great interest has been manifested in the collection, and among the apparatus which is to be exhibited we may mention a complete scientific outfit of an exploring vessel, dredging apparatus, etc., from the English Admiralty, a complete set of telegraphic instruments from the Post-Office telegraphs, collections from Trinity House, the Royal Observatory, Geological and Ordnance Surveys, War Office, and India Office, and Woolwich Arsenal. The governments of Austria, Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, United States, Italy, Switzerland, and Russia have organized schemes for aid in procuring instruments. The collection of apparatus which has become famous in the possession of the greatest philosophers will make this exhibition memorable. The Royal Society sends some of Newton's apparatus, the Astronomical Society sends Baily's apparatus for the Cavendish experiment and Sir William Herschel's telescope. Kings College sends Wheatstone's collection, the Royal Institution sends some of Faraday's and Young's apparatus, and there will be instruments formerly used by Tycho Brahe, Otto von Guericke, Huyghens, Melloni, Galileo, Torricelli, Volta, and others. Altogether the exhibition is expected to be on a grand scale.

The second session of the International Congress of Americanists, the first of which was held at Nancy, near Paris, in 1875, has been announced to take place from the 10th to the 13th of September, 1877, in the city of Luxembourg. The following are the subjects which will receive special attention:

History.—The civil legislation of the Mexicans under the Aztec emperors, and of the Peruvians at the epoch of the Incas. A critical examination of the sources of the history of the people of Central America. The discovery and colonization of Brazil. The period and the reasons for giving to the New World the name of America.

Archæology.—The general characteristics of the Maya architecture in Yucatan. The use of leather in America before Columbus. The history of the mound-builders; their origin, antiquity, works, and degree of civilization.

Linguistics.—Special characters of the Tupiquarani family. American languages as compared, in a grammatical point of view, with the so-called Ouralo-Atlaic tongues. The Esquimaux dialects compared with the languages of America properly so-called, and of Asia.

Paleography.—Deciphering of the reputed Maya inscriptions and manuscripts. The phonetic element in Mexican writing. The period of American civilization to which the paintings and so-called Mexican hieroglyphics belong.

Anthropology and Ethnology.—The antiquity of man in America. The tradition of the deluge in North America, particularly in Mexico. Ethnological classification of the aborigines of Guiana.

This society has for its president M. Wurth-Paquet, and Dr. Schoetter for its general secretary.

Professor Marsh publishes in the April number of the *American Journal of Science* an account of one of the discoveries recently made by him in regard to what he calls the *Brontotheridæ.* This is a group of gigantic mammals abounding in the lowest deposits of the miocene formation in the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. They were of enormous size, and so peculiar in character as not to be referable to any familiar form of modern times. They possessed horn cores, which probably sustained horns resembling those of the deer. In size they equaled the elephant, but the limbs were shorter. The nose was probably flexible, as in the tapir, but without any true proboscis. All the known remains are from points east of the Rocky Mountains, in the miocene beds of Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, and Wyoming.

The second number of the Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories is occupied entirely by two ornithological papers by Mr. Robert Ridgway, one of them a continuation of his studies of the American Falconidæ, the other an account of the birds collected in Guadalupe Island by Dr. Edward Palmer. This island is situated about 220 miles southwest of San Diego, and about 100 miles from the coast of Lower California. The collections made exhibit the remarkable fact that all the land birds are resident, and of species or races entirely distinct from those that are found on the main-land. So far as there is any resemblance to identified forms, they come nearest to the races found on the Rocky Mountains, and not to those of the Pacific slope. Eleven species are enumerated as occurring, of which three were not identified, leaving eight belonging to the genera Regulus, Salpinctes, Carpodacus, Junco, Pipilo, Coloptes, and Polyborus.

The British government has introduced a bill into the House of Lords for the reform of the University of Oxford. Among its main features are the restoration of the university to its old prestige in the matter of income as compared with the separate colleges, and the partial or entire abolition of idle fellowships, or those given simply as a reward to success at examinations, and not involving any duties either in teaching or research.

The government of Holland is about to undertake a great work in the drainage of the Zuyder-Zee, by which, if successful, 740 square miles would be added to the territory of the kingdom. It is estimated that the work will take sixteen years to accomplish, and that it will cost a sum of £16,000,000. Of the 477,000 acres to be drained, four-fifths are calculated to consist of valuable land of great fertility.

The Royal Commission on Vivisection has presented a report to the English Parliament, from which it would appear that the reports as to wanton cruelties at these operations have been enormously exaggerated, but recommends that they be carried on in future under inspection, and only by licensed operators.

Mr. W. Crookes, F.R.S., exhibited at a recent meeting of the Royal Society an instrument which he called a radiometer, for the purpose of illustrating the phenomena connected with his most important discovery of repulsion resulting from radiation.

The time-honored New York Lyceum of Natural History has lately changed its title to that of the New York Academy of Sciences, and has published a circular explanatory of its object in so doing, referring to the fact of having published eleven volumes of its Annals, which rank favorably with any thing of the kind elsewhere known. The circular proceeds to state that the limitation of the society to the subject of natural history is at present unwise, and that if it desires to take a position among the first institutions of the kind at home and abroad, its scope should be greatly enlarged and its title altered to correspond. Although for many years past attention has been paid to chemistry and physics, this is not indicated in its name, and misapprehensions are likely to arise in consequence.

One object in which the Lyceum was originally interested was the obtaining of specimens of natural history, especially those belonging to the State of New York. In view of the rapid growth and promise of the New York Museum of Natural History at Central Park, it is considered no longer necessary to maintain this feature; and the new Academy, like the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, and other institutions, will be at liberty to devote its entire attention to its publications and exchanges, and will turn into the channels of the American museum the material offered or transmitted to it.

Under the new constitution, the direction of the affairs of the Academy is placed in the hands of a body of fellows chosen for their attainments in science, and four sections have been established, into one or the other of which all members are to be placed. These are, first, zoology, botany, and microscopy; second, chemistry and technology; third, geology and mineralogy; fourth, physics, astronomy, and mathematics. Each of these has its own special administration, and is charged with the scientific work of its department. The Academy now invites applications for membership, as it is desirous of including in its fellowship all persons occupied in original or scientific research in New York and vicinity. The initiation fee is ten dollars, with an annual fee of five dollars. The Annals will be continued, under the title of Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences, four numbers being issued every year, containing not less than thirty-two pages each. The yearly subscription is two dollars, payable in advance. We take much pleasure in calling attention to this establishment under its new title, and commend it and its objects to all friends of science.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The artisans of France are arranging to send a delegation to our Centennial. The objects of appointing delegates are that the toilers of all nationalities may better understand each other, and that the craftsmen on returning home may carry some direct knowledge of the actual progress made in their respective trades. All such delegations will be welcome; one from France especially so, because its members will come as citizens of a new republic.

Reports continue to arrive from the alleged gold regions of the Black Hills, indicating that the probabilities of profitable mining there have been greatly exaggerated, with fraudulent intent, by persons who profit by the business of transporting parties of gold hunters or furnishing their supplies. The most trustworthy accounts at the present time are to the effect that gold is found in the Black Hills in such small quantities that gathering it pays very inferior wages.

The "Way-side Rest" is the pleasant name given to an organized charity in Philadelphia, whose special object is to aid men who go to the city seeking employment, but fail in their efforts to find it at once. By kind sympathy, and by rendering material help in providing food and lodging while the men are seeking employment, much good has already been done. But the aid of the charitable is solicited for funds to procure a house adapted to the purposes of the "Rest." Contributions will be acknowledged by John A. Seeds, Fifth Avenue, Farmers' Market, Philadelphia.

We would call the attention of all women to the following appeal of Mrs. George W. Cullum, chairman of the "Women's Centennial Union," who has been elected member of the Central Committee of the Pavilion at Philadelphia to represent New York State at large. It is hoped that the women of New York will respond to this appeal in a patriotic spirit, and that the zeal which has been shown in this city will extend throughout the State, and insure a creditable display of women's work at the approaching Exhibition.

"*To the Patriotic Women of New York:*

"Having been duly appointed and confirmed as a member of the Executive Committee of the Women's Pavilion at Philadelphia to represent New York State at large, I appeal to the women throughout the State to form in each town branch committees of inspection for its own objects of exhibition. It is earnestly recommended that a fund be raised to assist those unable to bear the expense of forwarding work, also to send operatives to ply their various industries in the Pavilion during the continuance of the Exhibition.

"The State organization, headed by Mrs. Howard Townsend, promises heartily to co-operate with the Women's Centennial Union, to insure a creditable display of New York women's handiwork, art, industries, and inventions.

"Blanks and all necessary information will be furnished on application by letter to Mrs. George W. Cullum, Chickering Hall, Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, New York city.

"Elizabeth Hamilton Cullum."

The first contribution for the Lincoln statue recently unveiled at Lincoln Park, Washington, was made, on the morning after the assassination of President Lincoln, by Charlotte Scott, a colored woman of Marietta, Ohio, who gave five dollars. The original cost of the monument, $17,000, and other incidental expenses, have all been paid by subscriptions by the colored people. Congress appropriated $3000 for the pedestal. The statue is of bronze, twelve feet high; the pedestal ten feet high.

In Berlin the Germans go to the opera from pure love of music, and they appear in the costume which is most comfortable to them. Some ladies in the dress circle appear in full toilet, and military uniforms are prominent in the audience; but no one need be surprised to see every lady pull her knitting out of her pocket. There is a homely simplicity in the audience which is thoroughly German.

The "Jasper Table" at the Centennial Exhibition, in charge of the Irish military of Charleston, will be for the purpose of raising a fund to defray the expense of a monument to be erected in commemoration of the first victory gained during the Revolutionary war. On the 28th of June, 1776, Fort Moultrie was attacked by the combined British fleet; and during the terrific bombardment the fort was subjected to, the garrison colors were shot from the flag-staff. An Irish soldier, Sergeant Jasper, true to the characteristics of his race, leaped over the parapets of the palmetto fort, seized the colors, and, amidst shot and shell, nailed them to their position. Jasper's name passed into history as the hero of that occasion, and the proposed monument is to be erected by Irishmen.

A Quaker-town man has solved the query, "What shall we do with our daughters?" He has purchased two washing-machines, and will take in washing. His wife and their seven daughters are to do the work, and he will superintend the business.

The manufacture of imitation wines increases. The only wines that can be successfully imitated are those rich in alcohol, such as the wines of Spain and Portugal. The juice of the grape is not the only thing omitted in the composition of these wines, as that is the cheapest ingredient.

In the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris are some hundreds of kangaroos recently arrived from Australia. The kangaroo has been introduced into several large estates in France, and is now hunted there like other game. The flesh is sold in the market, and is considered a great dainty.

Longfellow's "Evangeline" has been translated into Portuguese blank verse by Dom Miguel Street d'Arriaga, a native of the Azores, and editor of the newspaper *Fayalense.* The manuscript translation was sent to America to be submitted to Mr. Longfellow.

For the purpose of aiding the Floating Hospital for Sick Children, a temporary rifle tournament has been opened by St. John's Guild at Conlin's Shooting-Gallery, No. 930 Broadway. The number of competing targets is limited. Seventy-eight prizes, of various values, are offered.

The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union has organized a Lyceum Bureau. Its directors are located in New York; Brooklyn; Janesville, Wisconsin; Cleveland, Ohio; Rome, New York; Chicago, Illinois; and Indianapolis, Indiana. It is the design of the Bureau to furnish speakers, etc., to those needing help in forming local, young ladies', and juvenile temperance unions, in organizing reform clubs, and in holding mass-meetings. Speakers, organizers, readers, and singers wishing their names placed upon its list must present credentials from the Executive Committee of their respective States. Communications may be addressed to either of the secretaries, Mrs. Mary T. Burt or Mrs. D. A. Beale, No. 136 Lawrence Street, Brooklyn, New York.

The government contributes to the Centennial four specimens of cannon of large calibre. One of them is a 12-inch gun known as the Thompson breech-loader, built of cast iron, with a steel tube, weighing forty-two tons, and throwing a 600-pound shot. It is the largest breech-loading gun ever made in this country, but has not yet been subjected to the test of any severe experiments. Two others are breech-loaders—a 9-inch Sutcliffe, weighing twenty-two tons, supposed to be able to throw a 250-pound shot, and an 8.4-inch Mann, weighing ten tons, and throwing a 170-pound shot. The fourth gun is an 8-inch muzzle-loader, converted into a rifle by means of the new and successful system of introducing into the bore a wrought-iron rifled tube. This piece has been fired 761 times, with an average charge of thirty-five younds of large hexagonal powder and a 180-pound projectile.

Near Westminster Village, in Massachusetts, there resides an old lady who has lived entirely alone for more than fifteen years. She is eighty-three years of age and wholly blind, yet she builds her own fire in an old-fashioned fire-place, makes her tea, and manages to prepare her meals and do the general work about the house. A neighbor carries her a loaf of bread occasionally, chops her wood, and maintains a distant oversight of her affairs, but for the most part she does her own work. She owns a valuable timber lot and some other real estate, but prefers to live alone in her darkness and old age rather than pay to be taken care of.

A somewhat novel method of reforming drunkards is much used as a legal punishment in Norway and Sweden. It consists simply in causing the patient or criminal, as the case may be, to swallow an unusual quantity of wine. As soon as the habitual drunkard is imprisoned he receives no other nourishment except bread soaked in wine, and wine for drink. At first this portion is taken with pleasure, soon it becomes less palatable, and finally is received with the greatest repulsion. In about ten days this diet produces such nausea that prisoners sometimes prefer to abstain from any nourishment rather than take it; but the process rarely fails to effect a cure.

The Gentleman's Magazine gives some interesting anecdotes of John Forster. One day, as he sat a guest at Dickens's table, some one asked the host how many children he had.

"Four," said Dickens.

Whereupon Forster interrupted, with an air of great authority,

"Dickens, you have five children."

"Upon my word, Forster," Dickens expostulated, "allow me to know the number of my own family."

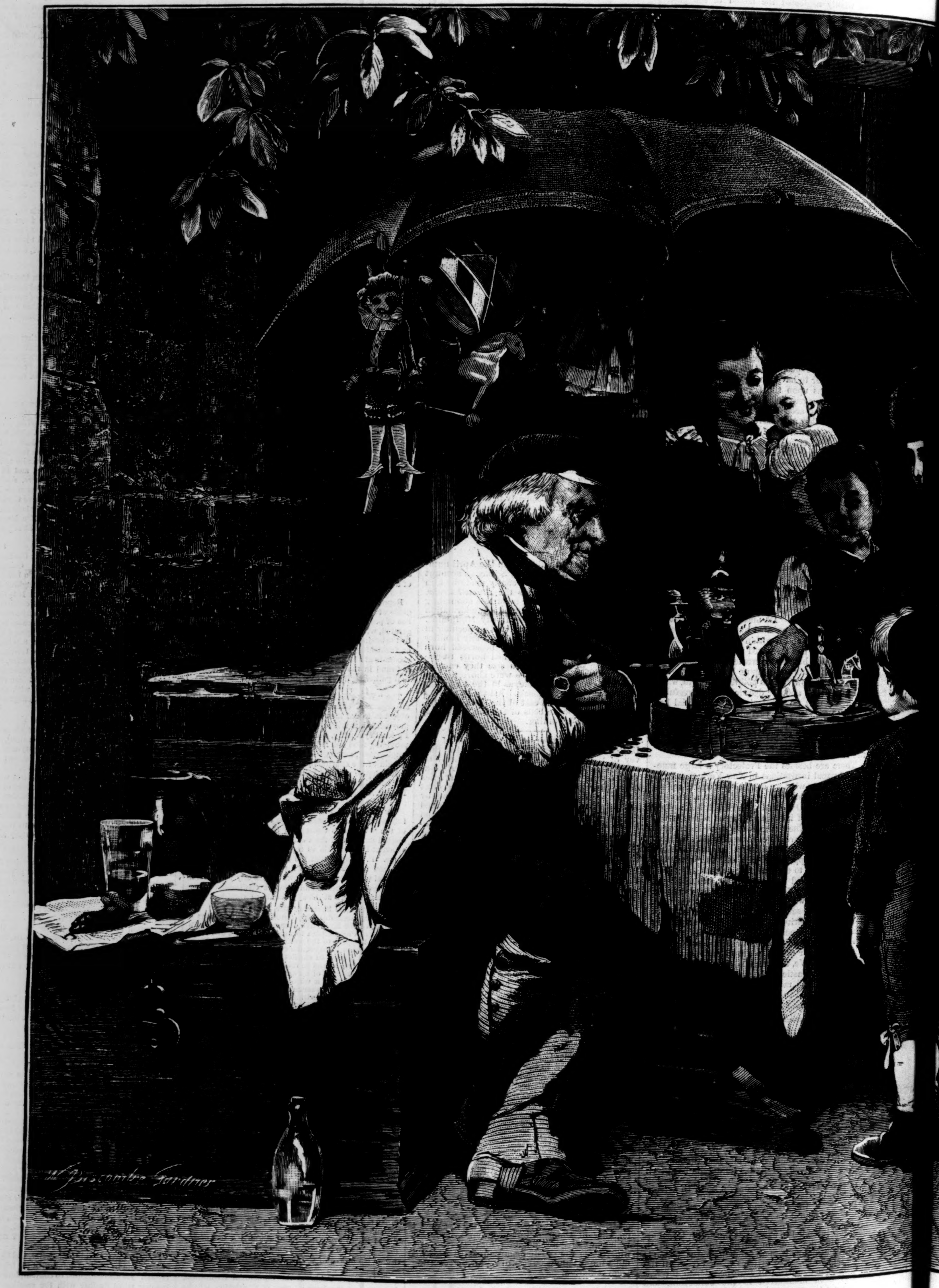
"Five, my dear Dickens," was the firm rejoinder.

When it was proved that four was the correct number, Forster gave in with a laugh.

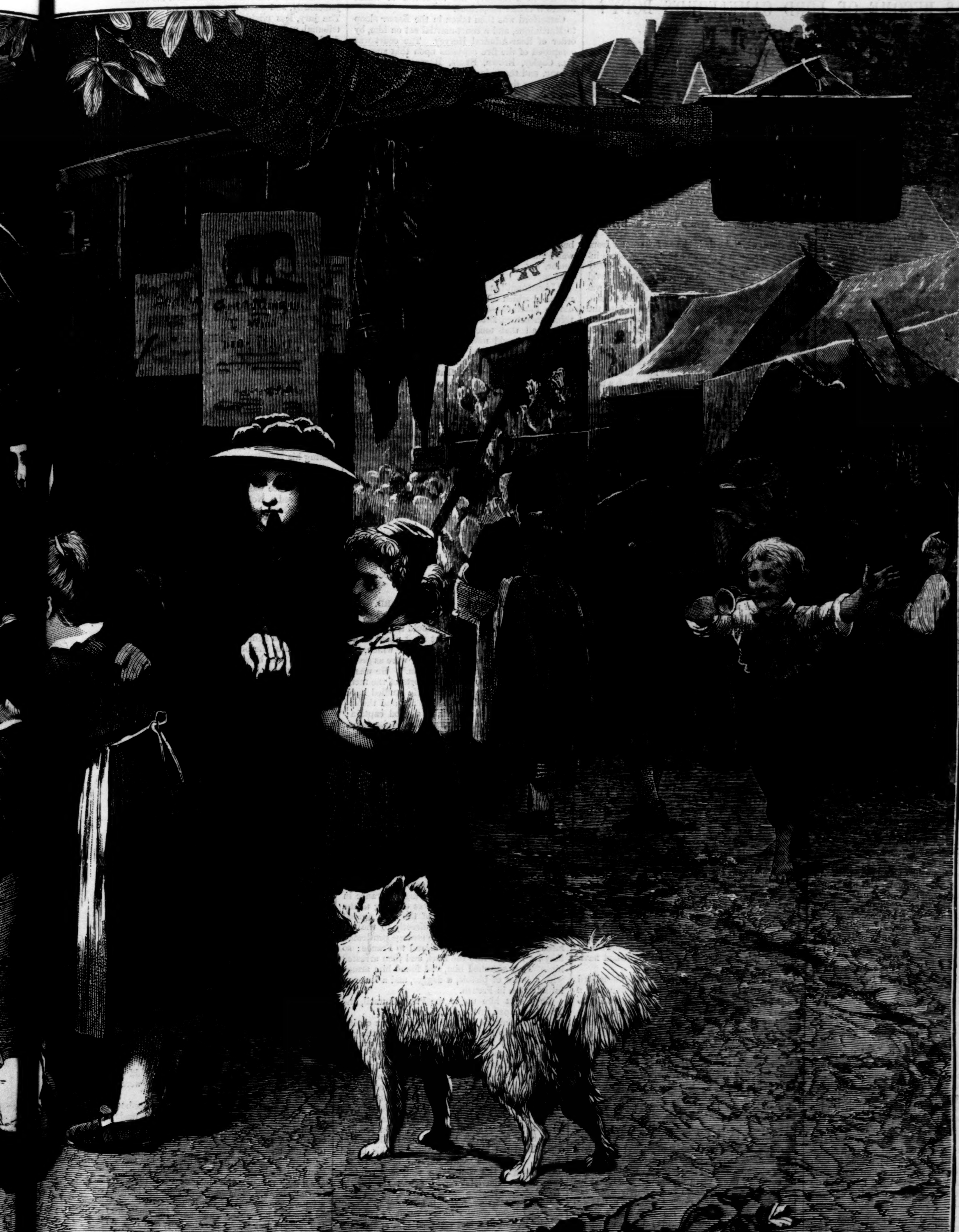
Mr. Forster, although sometimes apparently harsh toward his servants, was greatly beloved by them. The zeal and veneration with which his servent Henry waited upon him during many years were noticed by all his friends. Henry's blind devotion was illustrated on one occasion when his master had a dinner party. During the dinner Henry was nervous, and made two or three blunders. His master chafed and fumed, and cast angry glances at his servant; but the poor man could not settle quietly to his duty. At last, when the dessert and wine had been placed upon the table, he stole timidly behind Mr. Forster's chair and said,

"Please, Sir, can you spare me now? my house has been on fire the last hour and a half."

Dickens loved the high character, and thoroughly respected and trusted the opinion, of his friend and biographer. He also delighted to contemplate his gorgeous manner when dealing with the smallest things—the imperial air with which he asked Henry for his coat, the mighty look of command with which he hailed a cab.


W. Biscombe Gardner

FAIR-TIME—"THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE." OM A



NE om a Painting by Carl Boker.—[See Page 374.]

A NEW STORY BY CHARLES READE.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF LORD CAMELFORD'S BODY?

THIS question comes not from an Old Bailey counsel squeezing a witness; 'tis but a mild inquiry addressed to all the world, because the world contains people who can answer it; but I don't know where to find them.

To trace a gentleman's remains beyond the grave would savor of bad taste and Paul Pry; but I am more reasonable: I only want to trace those remains into a grave, if they have reached one.

Even that may seem impertinent curiosity—to his descendants; but if it is impertinent, it is natural. To permit the world a peep at strange facts, and then drop the curtain all in a moment, is to compel curiosity; and this has been done by Lord Camelford's biographers. To leave his Lordship's body for seven or eight years in a dust hole of St. Anne's Church, packed up—in the largest fish basket ever seen—for exportation, but not exported, is also to compel curiosity; and this has been done by his Lordship's executors.

Now this last eccentric fact has come to me on the best authority, and, coupled with the remarkable provisions for his interment made by Camelford himself, has put me into such a state that there is no peace nor happiness for me until I can learn what has become of Lord Camelford's body—fish basket and all.

I naturally wish to reduce as many sensible people as I can to my own intellectual standard *in re* Camelford. I plead the fox who, having lost his tail—as I my head—was for decaudating the vulpine species directly.

To this bad end, then, I will relate briefly what is public about Lord Camelford, and next what is known only to me and three or four more outside his own family.

Eccentricity in person, he descended from a gentleman who did, at least, one thing without a known parallel: he was grandson or great-grandson of Governor Pitt.

I beg pardon on my knees, but being very old and infirm and in my dotage, and therefore almost half as garrulous as my juvenile contemporaries, I really must polish off the Governor first. He had a taste for and knowledge of precious stones. An old native used to visit him periodically and tempt him with a diamond of prodigious size. I have read that he used to draw it out of a piece of fusty wool, and dazzle his customer. But the foxy Governor kept cool, and bided his time. It came: the merchant one day was at low water, and offered it cheaper. Pitt bought it; and this is said to be the only instance of an Anglo-Saxon outwitting a Hindoo in stones. The price is variously printed—man being a very inaccurate animal at present—but it was not more than £28,000. Pitt brought it home, and its fame soon rang round Europe. A customer offered—the Regent of France. Price £135,000. But France at that time was literally Bankrupt. The representative of that great nation could not deal with this English citizen, except by the way of deposit and installment. Accordingly, a number of the French crown-jewels were left in Pitt's hands, and four times a year the French agents met him at Calais with an installment, until the stone was cleared and the crown-jewels restored.

Thenceforth the Pitt diamond was called the Regent diamond. It is the second stone in Europe, being inferior to the Orlop, but superior in size to the Koh-i-noor; for it was from the first a trifle larger, and the Koh-i-noor, originally an enormous stone, was fearfully cut down in Hindostan, and of late years has been terribly reduced in Europe—all the better for the Amsterdam cutters.

Every great old stone has cost many a life in some part of the world or other. But in Europe their vicissitudes are mild. Only the Sancy has done any thing melodramatic.* The Regent has always gone quietly along with France. No Bourbon took it into exile at the first Revolution. No republican collared it. Napoleon set it in his sword hilt, but it found its way back to the royal family who originally purchased it, from them to the Second Emperor, and again to this Republic. I am afraid, if I had been Bony, I should have yielded to Etymology, and boned it before I went on my travels. But Delicacy prevailed, and it has only run one great risk. In 1848 it lay a week in a ditch of the Champ de Mars, after the sack of the Tuileries, but was given up at last under a happy illusion that it was unsalable. As if it could not have been broken up, and the pieces sold for £100,000! The stone itself is worth £800,000, I am told.

From the importer of this diamond descended a Mr. Pitt who was made a peer in 1784. He had a son, Thomas, born in 1775, to astonish his contemporaries while he lived, and torment one with curiosity seventy years after his death.

Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford, was a character fit for the pen of Tacitus or Clarendon: a singular compound of virtues and vices, some of which were directly opposed, yet ruled him by turns; so that it was hard to predict what he would do or say on any given occasion; only the chances were it would be something with a strong flavor, good or bad.

In his twenty-nine years, which is only nine years of manhood, he assassinated an unresisting man, and set off to invade a great and warlike nation, single-handed; wrenched off many London door-knockers; beat many constables; fought a mob, single-handed, with a bludgeon, and was cudgeled and rolled in the gutter without uttering a howl; mauled a gentleman without provocation, and had £500 to pay; relieved the necessities of many, and administered black eyes to many. He was studious and reckless; scientific and hare-brained; tender-hearted, benevolent, and barbarous; unreasonably vindictive and singularly forgiving. He lived a humorous ruffian, with flashes of virtue, and died a hero, a martyr, and a Christian.

To those who take their ideas of character from fiction alone, such a sketch as this must seem incredible, for Fiction is forced to suppress many of the anomalies that Nature presents. David was even more unlike David than Camelford varied from Camelford; and the chivalrous Joab, who dashed, with his life in his hand, into the camp of the Philistines to get his parched general and King a cup of water, afterward assassinated a brother soldier in a way so base and dastardly as merited the gibbet, and the lash to boot. Imagine a fellow hanging in chains by the road-side, with the Victoria Cross upon his bosom, both cross and gibbet justly earned! Such a man was, in his day, the son of Zeruiah.

Were Fiction to present such bold anomalies, they would be dubbed inconsistencies, and Horace would fly out of his grave at our very throats, crying,

> Amphora cœpit
> Institui, currente rotâ cur urceus exit.

It is all the more proper that the strange characters of History should be impressed on the mind, lest, in our estimate of mankind, men's inconsistencies should be forgotten, and puzzle us beyond measure some fine day when they turn up in real life.

Lord Camelford went to school first at a village of the Canton Berne in Switzerland, and passed for a thoughtful boy; thence to the Charter-house. He took a fancy to the sea, and was indulged in it. At fourteen years old he went out as midshipman in the *Guardian* frigate, bound for Botany Bay with stores. She met with disasters, and her condition was so desperate that the captain (Riou) permitted the ship's company to take to the boats. He himself, however, with a fortitude and a pride British commanders have often shown in the face of death, refused to leave the ship. Then Camelford and ninety more gallant spirits stood by him to share his fate. However, they got the wreck—for such she is described—by a miracle, to the Cape, and Camelford went home in a packet.

Next year, 1791, he sailed with Vancouver in the *Discovery*. But on this voyage he showed insubordination, and Vancouver was obliged to subject him to discipline. He got transferred to the *Resistance*, then cruising in the Indian seas, and remained at sea till 1796, when his father died, and he returned home to take his estates and title.

Though years had elapsed, he could not forgive Captain Vancouver, but sent him a challenge. Vancouver was then retired and in poor health. The old captain appealed to the young man's reason, and urged the necessity of discipline on board a ship of war, but offered to submit the case to any flag-officer in the Navy, and said that if the referee should decide this to be a question of honor, he would resign his own opinion and go out with Lieutenant Camelford.

Camelford, it is to be feared, thought no sane officer would allow a duel on such grounds; for he did not accept the proposal, but waited his opportunity, and meeting Vancouver in Bond Street, insulted him and tried to strike him. The mortification and humiliation of this outrage preyed upon Vancouver's heart, and shortened the life of a deserving officer and very distinguished navigator.

Little more than a year after this, Camelford took a very different view of discipline, and a more sanguinary one. Yet there was one key to these discordant views—his own egotism.

Peers of the realm rose fast in the King's service at that date, and Camelford, though only a lieutenant, soon got a command: now it so happened that his sloop, the *Favorite*, and a larger vessel, the *Perdrix*, Captain Fahie, were both lying in English Harbor, Antigua, on the 13th January, 1798. But Fahie was away at St. Kitts, and Peterson, first lieutenant, was in charge of the *Perdrix*. Lord Camelford issued an order, which Peterson refused to obey, because it affected his vessel, and he represented Fahie, who was Camelford's senior. There were high words, and, no doubt, threats on Camelford's part; for twelve of Peterson's crew came up armed. It is not quite clear whether Peterson sent for them; but he certainly drew them up in line, and bared his own cutlass. Camelford immediately drew out his own marines, and ranged them in a line opposite Peterson's men. He then came up to Peterson with a pistol, and said, "Lieutenant Peterson, do you still persist in not obeying my orders?"

"Yes, my lord," said Peterson, "I do persist."

Thereupon Camelford put his pistol to Peterson's very breast and shot him dead on the spot. He fell backward and never spoke nor moved.

Upon this bloody deed the men retired to their respective ships, and Camelford surrendered to Captain Matson, of the *Beaver* sloop, who put him under parole arrest. He lost little by that, for the populace of St. John's wanted to tear him to pieces. A coroner's jury was summoned, and gave a cavalier verdict that Peterson "lost his life in a mutiny," the vagueness of which makes it rather suspicious.

Camelford was then taken in the *Beaver* sloop to Martinique, and a court-martial sat on him, by order of Rear-Admiral Hervey. The court was composed of the five captains upon that station, viz., Cayley, Brown, Ekers, Burney, and Mainwaring, and the judgment was delivered in these terms, after the usual preliminary phrases: "The court are unanimously of opinion that the very extraordinary and manifest disobedience of Lieutenant Peterson to the lawful commands of Lord Camelford, the senior officer at English Harbor, and his arming the ship's company, were acts of mutiny highly injurious to his Majesty's service; the court do therefore unanimously adjudge that Lord Camelford be honorably acquitted."

Such was the judgment of sailors sitting in a secret tribunal. But I think a judge and a jury, sitting under the public eye, and sitting next day in the newspapers, would have decided somewhat differently.

Camelford was the senior officer in the harbor; but Peterson, in what pertained to the *Perdrix*, was Fahie, and Fahie was not only Camelford's senior, but his superior in every way, being a post-captain.

"Lieutenant" is a French word, with a clear meaning, which did not apply to Camelford, but did to Peterson—*lieu tenant*, or *locum tenens:* I think, therefore, Peterson had a clear right to resist in all that touched the *Perdrix*, and that Camelford would never have ventured to bring him to a court-martial for mere disobedience of that order. In the court-martial Camelford is called a commander; but that is a term of courtesy, and its use, under the peculiar circumstances, seems to indicate a bias: like the man he slaughtered, he had only a lieutenant's grade.

Much turns, however, on the measure and manner even of a just resistance: and here Peterson was *primâ facie* to blame. But suppose Camelford had threatened violence! The thing looks like an armed defense, not a meditated attack. For the lieutenant in command of the *Favorite* to put a pistol to the breast of the lieutenant in charge of the *Perdrix*, and slaughter him like a dog, when the matter could have been referred on the spot by these two lieutenants to their undoubted superiors, was surely a most rash and bloody deed. In fact, opinion in the navy itself negatived the judgment of the court-martial. So many officers, who respected discipline, looked coldly on this one-sided disciplinarian, Camelford, that he resigned his ship and retired from the service soon after.

THE CAPRICCIOS OF CAMELFORD.

It was his good pleasure to cut a rusty figure in his Majesty's service. He would not wear the epaulets of a commander, but went about in an old lieutenant's coat, the buttons of which, according to one of his biographers, "were as green with verdigris as the ship's bottom." He was a Tartar, but attentive to the comforts of the men, and very humane to the sick. He studied hard in two kinds—mathematical science and theology: the first was to make him a good captain; the second to enable him to puzzle the chaplains, who in that day were not so versed in controversy as the Jesuit fathers.

Returning home, with Peterson's blood on his hands, he seems to have burned to recover his own esteem by some act of higher courage than shooting a brother officer *à bout portant;* and he certainly hit upon an enterprise that would not have occurred to a coward. He settled to invade France, single-handed, and shoot some of her rulers, *pour encourager les autres.* He went to Dover and hired a boat. He was sly enough to say at first he was bound for Deal; but after a bit, says our adventurer, in tones appropriately light and cheerful, "Well, no, on second thoughts, let us go to Calais; I have got some watches and muslins I can sell there." Going to France in that light and cheerful way was dancing to the gallows; so Adams, skipper of the boat, agreed with him for £10, but went directly to the authorities. They concluded the strange gentleman intended to deliver up the island to France; so they let him get into the boat, and then arrested him. They searched him, and found him armed with a brace of pistols, a dagger, and a letter of introduction in French.

They sent him up to the Privy Council, and France escaped invasion that bout.

At that time, as I have hinted, it was a capital crime to go to France from England; so the gallows yearned for Camelford. But the potent, grave, and reverend seniors of his Majesty's Council examined him, and advised the King to pardon him under the royal seal. They pronounced that "his only motive had been to render a service to his country." This was strictly true, and it was unpatriotic to stop him; for whoever fattens the plains of France with a pestilent English citizen, or consigns him to a French dungeon for life, confers a benefit on England, and this benefit Camelford did his best to confer on his island home. It was his obstructors who should have been hung. His well-meant endeavor reminds one of the convicts' verses, bound for Botany Bay:

> "True patriots we, for, be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good."

The nation that had retained him against his will now began to suffer for its folly, by his habitual breaches of the public peace.

After endless skirmishes with the constables, my lord went into Drury Lane Theatre with others of the same kidney, broke the windows in the boxes, and the chandeliers, and Mr. Humphries's head; Humphries had him before a magistrate. Camelford lied, but was not believed, and then begged the magistrate to ask Mr. Humphries if he would accept an apology; but word-ointment was not the balm for Humphries, who had been twice knocked down the steps into the hall, and got his eye nearly beaten out of his head. He prepared an indictment, but afterward changed his tactics judiciously, and sued the offender for damages. The jury, less pliable than captains in a secret tribunal, gave Humphries a verdict and five hundred pounds damages.

After this, Camelford's principal exploits appear to have been fights with the constables, engaged in out of sport, but conducted with great spirit by both parties, and without a grain of ill-will on either side. He invariably rewarded their valor with gold when they succeeded in capturing him. When they had got him prisoner, he would give the constable of the night a handsome bribe to resign his place to him. Thus promoted, he rose to a certain sense of duty, and would admonish the delinquents with great good sense and even eloquence, but spoiled all by discharging them. Such was his night-work. In the daytime he was often surprised into acts of unintentional charity and even of tender-heartedness.

HIS NAME A TERROR TO FOPS.

He used to go to a coffee-house in Conduit Street, shabbily dressed, to read the paper. One day a dashing beau came into his box, flung himself down on the opposite seat, and called out in a most consequential tone, "Waitaa, bring a couple of wax candles and a pint of Madeira, and put them in the next box." *En attendant* he drew Lord Camelford's candle toward him, and began to read. Camelford lowered at him, but said nothing.

The buck's candles and Madeira were brought, and he lounged into his box to enjoy them. Then Camelford mimicked his tone, and cried out, "Waitaa, bring me a pair of snuffaa." He took the snuffers, walked leisurely round into the beau's box, snuffed out both the candles, and retired gravely to his own seat. The buck began to bluster, and demanded his name of the waiter.

"Lord Camelford, Sir."

"Lord Camelford! What have I to pay?" He laid down his score, and stole away without tasting his Madeira.

HIS PLUCK.

When peace was proclaimed, this suffering nation rejoiced. Not so our pugnacious Peer. He mourned alone—or rather cursed, for he was not one of the sighing sort. London illuminated. Camelford's windows shone dark as pitch. This is a thing the London citizens always bitterly resent. A mob collected and broke his windows. His first impulse was to come out with a pistol, and shoot all he could; but luckily he exchanged the fire-arm for a formidable bludgeon. With this my lord sallied out, single-handed, and broke several heads in a singularly brief period. But the mob had cudgels too, and belabored him thoroughly, knocked him down, and rolled him so diligently in the kennel, while hammering him, that at the end of the business he was just a case of mud with sore bones.

All this punishment he received without a single howl, and it is believed would have taken his death in the same spirit; so that, allowing for poetic exaggeration, we might almost say of him:

> "He took a thousand mortal wounds
> As mute as fox 'midst mangling hounds."

The next night his windows were just as dark; but he had filled his house with "boarders," as he called them, viz., armed sailors; and had the mob attacked him again, there would have been wholesale bloodshed, followed by a less tumultuous, but wholesale, hanging day.

But the mob were content with having thrashed him once, and seem to have thought he had bought a right to his opinions. At all events, they conceded the point, and the resolute devil was allowed to darken his house, and rebuke the weakness of the people in coming to terms with Bony.

THE PITCHER GOES ONCE TOO OFTEN TO THE WELL.

Camelford had a male friend, a Mr. Best, and, unfortunately, a female friend, who had once lived with this very Best. This Mrs. Simmons told Camelford that Best had spoken disparagingly of him. Camelford believed her, and took fire. He met Best at a coffee-house, and walked up to him and said, in a loud, aggressive way, before several persons, "I find, Sir, you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms."

Mr. Best replied, with great moderation, that he was quite unconscious of having deserved such a charge.

"No, Sir," says Camelford, "you know very well what you said of me to Mrs. Simmons. You are a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian."

In those days such words as these could only be wiped out with blood, and seconds were at once appointed.

Both gentlemen remained at the coffee-house some time, and during that time Mr. Best made a creditable effort; he sent Lord Camelford a solemn assurance he had been deceived, and said that under those circumstances he would be satisfied if his lordship would withdraw the expressions he had uttered in error. But Camelford absolutely refused, and then Best left the house in considerable agitation, and sent his lordship a note. The people of the house justly suspected this was a challenge, and gave information to the police; but they were dilatory, and took no steps till it was too late.

Next morning early the combatants met at a coffee-house in Oxford Street, and Best made an unusual and indeed a touching attempt to compose the difference. "Camelford," he said, "we have been friends, and I know the unsuspecting generosity of your nature. Upon my honor you have been imposed upon by a strumpet. Do not insist on expressions under which one of us must fall."

Camelford, as it afterward appeared, was by no means unmoved by this appeal. But he answered, doggedly, "Best, this is child's play: the thing must go on." The truth is, Best had the reputation of being a fatal shot, and this steeled Camelford's pride and courage against all overtures.

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* The Sancy, a beautiful pear-shaped diamond of, say, fifty-three carats, was first spoken of in the possession of Philip, Duke of Burgundy. Very likely he imported it, for he dealt habitually with the East for curiosities. It passed, after some generations, to a Portuguese Prince. He wanted to raise money on it, and sent it to Paris, instructing the messenger to swallow it if he found himself in trouble or danger. It did not reach Paris, and this news was sent to Portugal. The French authorities were applied to, and they searched diligently, and found a foreigner had been assassinated, and buried in a French village. They exhumed him, opened him, and found the Sancy in his stomach. The stone was purchased by James the Second, and afterward was in various French hands. I think it has now gravitated to the Rothschilds.

The duel was in a meadow behind Holland House. The seconds placed the men at thirty paces, and this seems to imply they were disposed to avoid a fatal termination if possible.

Camelford fired first, and missed. Best hesitated, and some think he even then asked Camelford to retract. This, however, is not certain. He fired, and Lord Camelford fell at his full length, like a man who was never to stand again.

They all ran to him; and it is said he gave Best his hand, and said, "Best, I am a dead man. You have killed me; but I freely forgive you."

This may very well be true; for it certainly accords with what he had already placed on paper the day before, and also with words he undoubtedly uttered in the presence of several witnesses soon after.

Mr. Best and his second made off to provide for their safety. One of Lord Holland's gardeners called out to some men to stop them; but the wounded man rebuked him, and said he would not have them stopped: he was the aggressor. He forgave the gentleman who had shot him, and hoped God would forgive him too.

He was carried home, his clothes were cut off him, and the surgeons at once pronounced the wound mortal. The bullet was buried in the body, and the lower limbs quite paralyzed by its action. It was discovered, after his death, imbedded in the spinal marrow, having traversed the lungs. He suffered great agonies that day, but obtained some sleep in the night. He spoke often, and with great contrition, of his past life, and relied on the mercy of his Redeemer.

Before the duel he had done a just and worthy act. He had provided for the safety of Mr. Best by adding to his will a positive statement that he was the aggressor in every sense: "Should I, therefore, lose my life in a contest of my own seeking, I solemnly forbid any of my friends or relations to proceed against my antagonist." He added that if the law should, nevertheless, be put in force, he hoped this part of his will would be laid before the King.

I have, also, private information, on which I think I can rely, that, when he found he was to die, he actually wrote to the King with his own hand, entreating him not to let Best be brought into trouble.

And if we consider that, as death draws near, the best of men generally fall into a mere brutish apathy—whatever you may read to the contrary in Tracts—methinks good men and women may well yield a tear to this poor, foolish, sinful, but heroic creature, who, in agonies of pain and the jaws of death, could yet be so earnest in his anxiety that no injustice should be done to the man who had laid him low. This stamps Camelford *a man.* The best woman who ever breathed was hardly capable of it. She would forgive her enemy, but she could not trouble herself and worry herself, and provide, moribunda, against injustice being done to that enemy; *c'était mâle.*

I come now to those particulars which have caused me to revive the memory of Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford, and I divide them into public and private information.

THE PUBLIC INFORMATION.

The day before his death Lord Camelford wrote a codicil to his will, which, like his whole character, merits study.

He requested his relations not to wear mourning for him, and he gave particular instructions as to the disposal of his remains in their last resting-place. In this remarkable document he said that most persons are strongly attached to their native place, and would have their remains conveyed home, even from a great distance. "His desire, however, was the reverse. He wished his body to be conveyed to a country far distant, to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery might smile upon his remains."

He then went into details. The place was by the lake of St. Pierre, in the Canton Berne, Switzerland. The particular spot had three trees standing on it. He desired the centre tree to be taken up and his body deposited in the cavity, and no stone nor monument to mark the place. He gave a reason for the selection, in spite of a standing caution not to give reasons. "At the foot of that tree," said he, "I formerly passed many hours in solitude, contemplating the mutability of human affairs." He left the proprietors of the trees and ground one thousand pounds by way of compensation.

COMMENT ON THE PUBLIC INFORMATION.

Considering his penitent frame of mind, his request to his relations not to go into mourning for him may be assigned to humility and the sense that he was no great loss to them.

But as to the details of his interment, I feel sure he mistook his own mind, and was, in reality, imitating the very persons he thought he differed from. I read him thus by the light of observation. Here was a man whose life had been a storm. At its close he looked back over the dark waves, and saw the placid waters his youthful bark had floated in before he dashed into the surf. Eccentric in form, it was not eccentric at bottom, this wish to lay his shattered body beneath the tree where he had sat so often an innocent child, little dreaming then that he should ever kill poor Peterson with a pistol, and be killed with a pistol himself in exact retribution. That at eleven years of age he had meditated under that tree on the mutability of human affairs is nonsense. Here is a natural anachronism and confusion of ideas. He was meditating on that subject as he lay a-dying; but such were never yet the meditations of a child. The matter is far more simple than all this. He who lay dying by a bloody death remembered the green meadows, the blue lake, the peaceful hours, the innocent thoughts, and the sweet spot of nature that now seemed to him a temple. His wish to lie in that pure and peaceful home of his childhood was a natural instinct, and a very common one. Critics have all observed it, and many a poet sung it, from Virgil to Scott.

> Occidit, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

THE PRIVATE INFORMATION.

In the year 1858 I did business with a firm of London solicitors, the senior partner of which had in his youth been in a house that acted for Lord Camelford.

It was this gentleman who told me Camelford really wrote a letter to the King in favor of Best. He told me, further, that preparations were actually made to carry out Camelford's wishes as to the disposal of his remains. He was embalmed and packed up for transportation. But at that very nick of time war was proclaimed again, and the body, which was then deposited, pro tempore, in St. Anne's Church, Soho, remained there, awaiting better times.

The war lasted a long while, and, naturally enough, Camelford's body was forgotten.

After Europe was settled, it struck the solicitor, who was my friend's informant, that Camelford had never been shipped for Switzerland. He had the curiosity to go to St. Anne's Church and inquire. He found the sexton in the church, as it happened, and asked him what had become of Lord Camelford.

"Oh," said the sexton, in a very cavalier way, "here he is;" and showed him a thing which he afterward described to my friend M'Leod as an enormously long fish basket, fit to pack a shark in.

And this, M'Leod assured me, was seven or eight years after Camelford's death.

Unfortunately M'Leod could not tell me whether his informant paid a second visit to the church, or what took place between 1815 and 1858.

The deceased Peer may be now lying peacefully in that sweet spot he selected and paid for. But I own to some misgivings on that head. In things of routine, delay matters little; indeed, it is a part of the system; but when an out-of-the-way thing is to be done, oh, then delay is dangerous: the zeal cools; the expense and trouble look bigger; the obligation to incur them seems fainter. The inertia of Mediocrity flops like lead into the scale, and turns it. Time is really *edax rerum*, and fruitful in destructive accidents; Rectors are apt to be a little lawless; Church-wardens deal with dustmen; and dead Peers are dust. Even sextons are capable of making away with what nobody seems to value, or it would not lie years forgotten in a corner.

These thoughts prey upon my mind: and as his life and character were very remarkable, and his death very, very noble, and his instructions explicit, and the duty of performing them sacred, I have taken the best way I know to rouse inquiry, and learn, if possible,

WHAT HAS BECOME OF LORD CAMELFORD'S BODY.

Charles Reade.

Authorities.—*Annual Register*, February 25, 1798; *Times*, January 14 and 17, 1799; *True Briton*, January 17, 19, 1799; "Humphries *v.* Camelford," *London Chronicle, Times, True Briton, Porcupine*, May 16, 17, 18, 1799; *Porcupine*, October 8 and 12, 1801; *Times*, October 9, 12, 17, 24, 1801; *Morning Post*, March 8, 10, 13, 14, 26, 28, 1804; *Annual Register*, 1804.

Eccentric Mirror, 1807.

Rev. William Cockburn, "An Authentic Account of Lord Camelford's Death, with an Extract from his Will," etc., 1804. Letter from William Cockburn to Philip Neve, Esq., *Morning Post*, March 26, 1804.

M'Leod, deceased.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY, 1876.

Monday,	1.—St. Philip and St. James.
Sunday,	7.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	14.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	21.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	25.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	28.—Sunday after Ascension.
Monday,	1.—General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore; General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Atlanta, Georgia.
Thursday,	18.—General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn; Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Savannah, Georgia.
Wednesday	24.—General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

JUNE.

Sunday,	4.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	11.—Trinity-Sunday; St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	18.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	25.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	29.—St. Peter.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey closed their ten weeks' religious services in the Hippodrome Wednesday, April 19. The attendance on the concluding days was greater than ever. More persons sought admission than could be supplied with seats. Mr. Moody's appeals to his non-Christian hearers were very impressive. The last meeting of all was devoted to the converts, from 3000 to 4000 of whom attended. The time was spent in giving them advice for their future conduct. "Every young convert," said Mr. Moody, "should go into the church and work. I don't care what the denomination is, if the minister only preaches the Gospel. Some of the converts have asked me about going to theatres, balls, etc. I can't carry your consciences. I know that I couldn't do those things. Let Christ be your example. Of all things, don't touch strong drink. That has been the ruin of many young converts. Give up your right hand rather than touch it. You are called to be the sons and daughters of God. Don't disgrace the name.

"I don't like these farewell meetings. I don't like to say good-by. But I can say, as I once heard Lucius Hart say, 'I'll bid you all good-night, and I'll meet you in the morning.' May God bless you all."

And with these strong, simple words the mission of the evangelists in New York was closed. During the final days a collection was taken for the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, amounting to $135,000.

From Rome the latest news is that Cardinal Ledochowski will have a permanent appointment at the Vatican. The new cardinals created by the Pope are Monsignori Avanzo and Franszelin. There are rumors again that the Pope's health is failing.

The religious movement in Massachusetts has taken on the character of a temperance reform. The temperance clubs (which have been already noticed in this Intelligence) are spreading with great rapidity. In Boston the Bunker Hill Club has 2281 members, of whom 500 are reformed drinkers; the Faneuil Hall Club has 1341 members, nearly all reformed men; the Boston Centennial Club, 495 members; the South Boston Reform Club, 525 members; the Shawmut Club, 30 members. The *Traveller* gives a list of temperance clubs throughout the State, which shows a total of 17,348 members.

The Free University Bill, which was adopted by the late French Assembly in 1875, is not acceptable to its more radical successor, the present Assembly. It will be remembered that the new law gives the free universities the privilege of granting degrees. This grant was sharply contested during the discussion of the law, and was finally adopted with the provision that one-half of the examiners of candidates for degrees must be state professors. The present Minister of Public Instruction, M. Waddington, is opposed to this concession. He has introduced a bill proposing its abolition. The Left of the Assembly are specially opposed to the powers given to the churches by the law of 1875. They insist that it created "a monopoly in favor of the religious congregations." M. Gambetta protests against the law as "a measure which under the pretext of religious liberty has only promoted political ambition in men, and aimed, by monopolizing the education of youth, at corrupting universal suffrage." The Catholics consider the withdrawal of the privilege of granting degrees as fatal to their new universities.

As the churches count up the results of the work of the ecclesiastical year in their Conferences and Conventions, it appears evident that the increase in the numbers of their members is without precedent in their history. The Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, Jun., of this city, added over three hundred persons to his roll of members at a single confirmation, of which Bishop Potter was the administrator. Of the Presbyterian body, the *Banner*, of Pittsburg, says: "It now seems probable that the minutes of the approaching General Assembly will contain the largest accession to our membership that has ever been received in a single year." The Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists show in their record for the year the same extraordinary prosperity.

On Good-Friday Mr. Hammond, the evangelist, held two open-air meetings in the city of Washington, one of them on the east side of the Capitol. The audiences in attendance are described as "immense," and represented all classes of society. Senators, members of the House, and government officials, citizens in carriages and negroes, were all to be found in the crowd that listened with fixed attention to the speaker.

The great Baptist anniversaries are to be held this year in the city of Buffalo. According to the usual practice, they will last for several days. The Missionary Union will meet on Tuesday, the 23d of May, the Educational Commission on the 24th. As the Baptist Centennial Commemoration has taken mainly an educational form, this second of the gatherings of the year will be one of great interest. The Publication Society will celebrate its fifty-second anniversary on the 25th. Addresses will be delivered in relation to its work in the Mississippi Valley, Italy, and among the freedmen of the South.

In advocating an inspection of conventual establishments in England, Sir T. Chambers said recently in Parliament: "The first case he would cite was at the Good Shepherd Convent, at Hammersmith. Certain persons, whose houses overlooked the convent inclosure, saw a nun endeavoring to escape over a wall. They saw her seized by a man in the garb of a monk, who, with two women, dragged her back to the convent." This was March 16, 1875. Efforts were made to obtain information, but they were of no avail. Why the nun strove to escape, or by what authority she was detained, has not been discovered. In another instance, Sir T. Chambers said, two laborers, in January, 1875, saw a woman, very early in the morning, almost without clothing, escape from the Newhall Convent, in Essex. She ran nearly a mile up the railway line, and claimed their protection. She was pursued, taken out of the care of the men, and forced back to the convent. The statement made was that she was an Irish lady who was insane, and was sent back to her friends. But by what authority are insane persons to be dragged back into convents? What government can permit such mysterious occurrences to pass unquestioned? It seems that the subject of a general law for the inspection of convents is attracting a strong interest in England. In Italy, Sweden, Belgium, France, Spain, Austria, such a law already exists. It is only in England and the United States that cases like those cited by Sir T. Chambers could occur without legal inquiry.

In Evansville, Indiana, where Dr. Munhall has been holding "Bible meetings" for a number of weeks, measures have been taken for the formation of a Young Men's Christian Association.

Despite the financial dullness and trouble prevalent throughout the country, the American Baptist Missionary Union has just closed a prosperous fiscal year. The receipts from all sources have been $245,997, and the expenditures $223,176, leaving a balance on hand of $22,820. The deficiency of 1874–1875, which was $52,956, has been reduced to $30,136.

At the recent session of the New England Free Baptist Convention, the relation of Free Baptists to the open communion movement in the larger Baptist body was very fully discussed. There was a strong determination shown to express sympathy with that movement. Several regular Baptist ministers took part in the discussion, which was good-tempered throughout.

The Woman's Union Missionary Society (Baptist) of this country supports a "Mission Home" in Yokohama, Japan, which comprises three acres of ground, a large house for young ladies, a smaller one for children, a school-house, in which is maintained the first free school for girls opened in the empire. Out of this Home have grown in four years a Sunday-school, two weekly prayer-meetings for the pupils, four prayer-meetings for foreigners, a church, a temperance hall for sailors, and the beginning of a Young Men's Christian Association.

A very touching incident occurred in Westminster Abbey in connection with the unveiling of the tablet erected there in memory of John and Charles Wesley. In the course of his address Dean Stanley stated that it was originally intended that Lady Stanley, now deceased, should perform the ceremony of unveiling. He added that but for his great bereavement he would have delivered a discourse, in the nave of the Abbey, on the work and character of the Wesleys. "As for me," said the Dean, in allusion to his loss, "my position is best described in the words of the poet of Methodism—words with which you are all familiar:

"'My company before is gone,
  And I am left alone with Thee.
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
  And wrestle till the break of day.'"

The many Wesleyans present were deeply affected by this allusion. It is remarkable that John Wesley once used these same lines upon a like occasion. His brother Charles had died. Upon opening a Sunday morning service shortly after, Mr. Wesley gave out the hymn, "Wrestling Jacob," and began reading it. When he came to the words,

"My company before is gone,
  And I am left alone with Thee,"

he completely broke down, and retiring to his seat in the pulpit, buried his face in his hands, and gave way for a few moments to an uncontrollable outburst of feeling. It was one of the few occasions in John Wesley's long life when he was overmastered by strong emotion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

What is the difference between a crockery dealer and a cabinet-maker?—One sells tea sets, and the other settees.

An old Scotchwoman, whose favorite son was in the habit of swearing occasionally, was censured by her minister for not correcting him. "It's vara wrong, minister," she admitted, "but ye maun aloo that it sets aff conversation michtily."

Charity.—A lady felt such charity for a poor family that she took off her false hair and sold it for their benefit. Then she went home and knocked the chairs about until her husband purchased her a switch costing twice as much.

The Monitor.—"What is conscience?" asked a school-master. "An inward monitor," replied a bright little fellow. "And what is a monitor?" "One of the iron-clads."

A beggar some time ago applied for alms at the door of a partisan of the Anti-mendicity Society in Edinburgh. After vainly detailing his manifold sorrows, he was peremptorily dismissed by the inexorable gentleman. "Go away," said he—"go; we canna gie ye naething." "You might at least," returned the mendicant, with an air of great dignity and archness, "have refused me grammatically."

Free Smoke.—"Will this pipe smoke free?" asked a gentleman who was purchasing a pipe. "Of course it will, if you can get your tobacco for nothing," was the reply.

A fond father sent his young Hopeful of four into an adjoining room to get a book. The boy came back and said it wasn't there. "Yes, it is, my son," said the father; "it's on the table." The boy went back and reported again that there was no book there. The father got impatient and sent another child for the book, and in the mean time the mother brought the book from a different room, with the remark, "Here's your book; it was on the mantel-piece." The gentleman composed himself to read, and about ten minutes afterward discovered young Hopeful still standing by his chair and regarding him intently. As he raised his eyes the boy broke out, solemnly, "Father, there's a fib about somewhere; and I didn't tell it."

A Capsize.—"What size do you wear, Sir?" blandly inquired the hatter. "I think," said the customer, "about"—just then, in backing toward the mirror, he stepped on a piece of orange peel and sat down suddenly—"about a cap-size, I think."

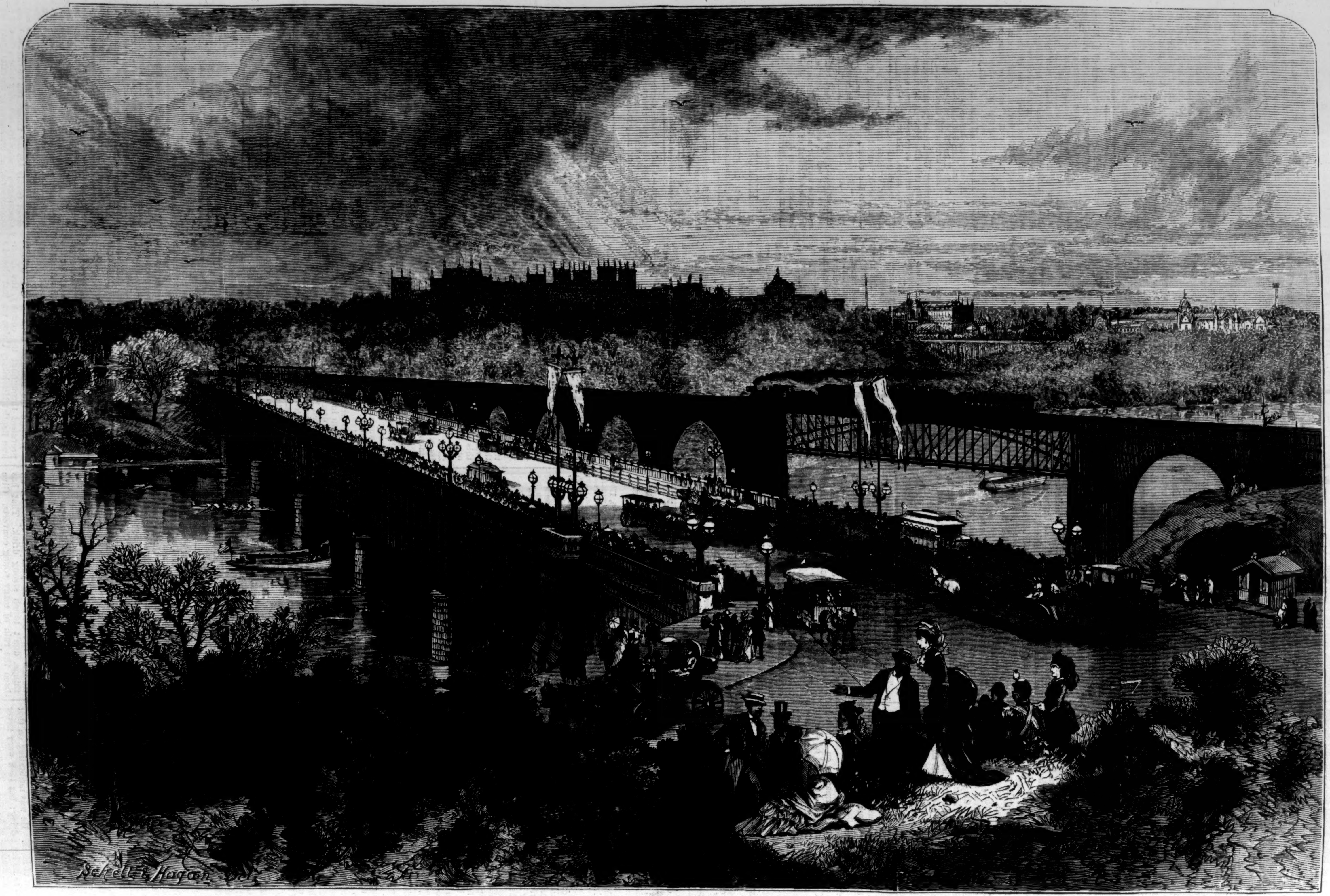
A noisome Place.—A howling wilderness.

Favorite Jewelry for Horse-Fanciers.—Studs.

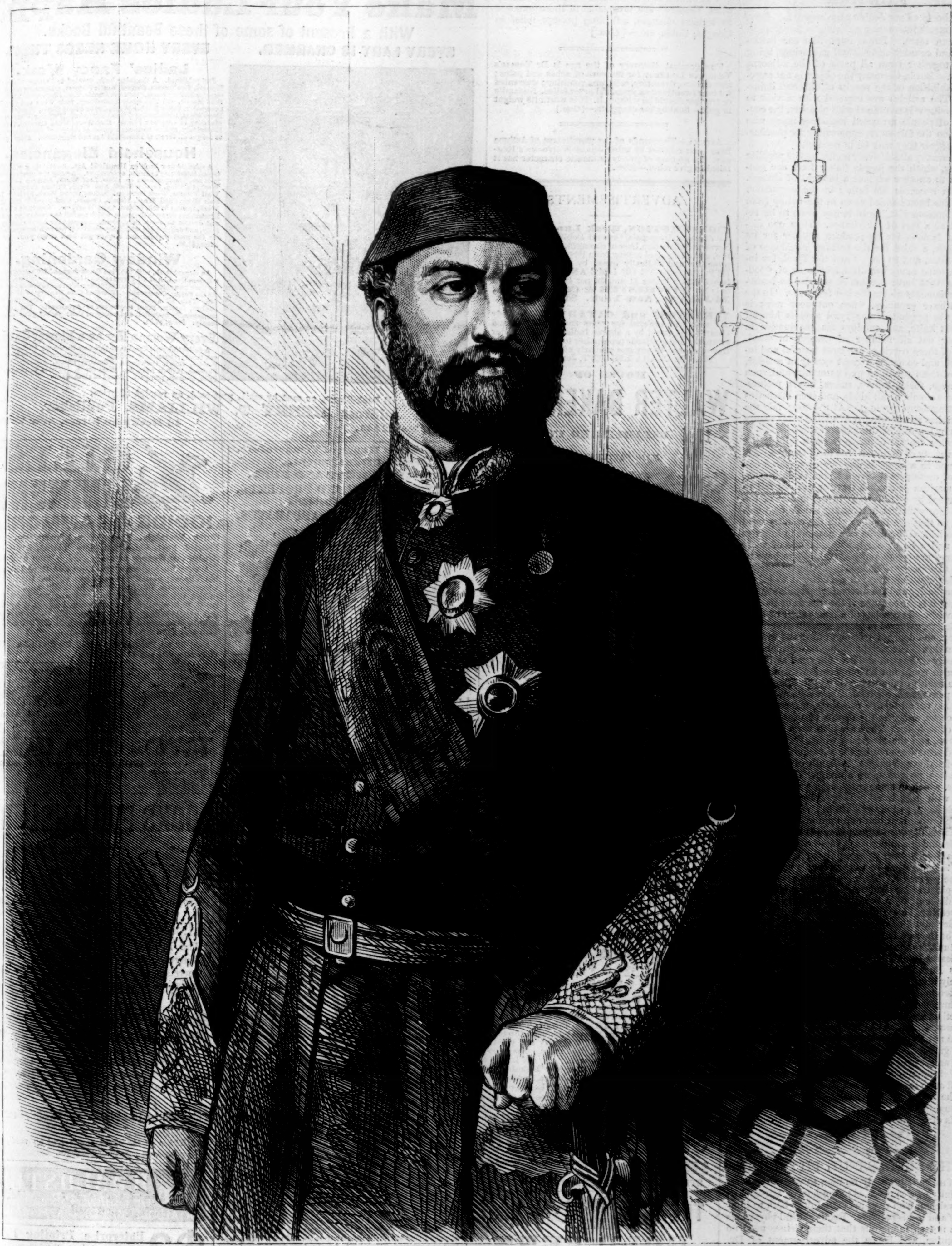
"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes—rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second-story windows."

Note for Darwin.—In time the mulberry-tree becomes a silk gown, and a silk gown becomes a woman.

A cruel disappointment, says a San Francisco newspaper, was that of a party of ladies and gentlemen exploring the depths of the Bonanza Mines the other day. It was arranged that a lunch was to be eaten on the one-thousand-five-hundred-foot level, and therefore at noon four large baskets full of dainties both liquid and substantial were lowered into the depths. These descended first among a group of honest Cornish miners, delving on the one-thousand-two-hundred-foot level, who, in the absence of any instructions, decided, after much discussion, that it must be an American national holiday, or something of the kind, above-ground, and that this was a kindly little compliment from the Bonanza princes. They therefore fell to on the eatables with much energy. When the exhausted excursionists inquired for their refreshments, they discovered only the empty hampers and about twenty brawny miners, full of chicken salad, Champagne, mashed ice, and other things, dancing a demoniac Cornish breakdown by the fitful light of the flaring torch.


Schell & Hogan, Del.
Main Exhibition Building.
Machinery Hall.
Memorial Hall.
Horticultural Hall.
Agricultural Hall.

GLIMPSE OF THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS ACROSS GIRARD AVENUE BRIDGE.—[See Page 364.]



ABDUL-AZIZ KHAN, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Abdul-Aziz Khan, the present Sultan of Turkey, was born February 9, 1830, being the second son of the Sultan Mahmoud Khan, who died in 1839, and brother of the late Sultan Abdul-Medjid, on whose death, June 25, 1861, he ascended the throne of the Ottoman Empire, according to the custom which prefers a brother to a son as heir. He has much stronger military tastes than his predecessor. His government succeeded in raising several loans in the London money market for the avowed object of reforming the finances of the empire; but whether these reforms are real or illusory time alone can prove. One of the most troublesome questions that for some time affected the interests of the Porte arose out of the scheme of M. De Lesseps for the formation of the Suez Canal, as the Emperor of the French gave a decision in favor of the company against the Viceroy of Egypt by which the suzerainty of the Porte was virtually ignored, and its claim therein imperiled for the future. The Sultan, who has concluded treaties of commerce with France and England, visited the Exhibition at Paris in July, 1867, landed at Dover July 12, and was enthusiastically received in London. The Sultan's government was greatly disturbed by the insurrections in Crete, which were fomented by Greece, but peace was ultimately restored at the close of the year 1868.

More serious troubles proceed from the insurrection in Herzegovina, where the Sultan's forces are meeting with constant defeat. The recent attempt to throw men and provisions into the beleaguered town of Nicsic has failed disastrously. The Turkish army was forced to retreat through mountain passes so narrow as only to admit of five men marching abreast. Rocks were continually hurled down the precipices upon the Turkish forces as they struggled through, and their losses were enormous. According to late dispatches, Montenegro also has declared war against Turkey, and has sent large numbers of well-trained soldiers to the assistance of the Herzegovinian insurgents.

The Sultan is so exasperated by these misfortunes that fears are entertained by the European powers that, beset as he is, he may raise the standard of the Prophet, in order to incite the fanaticism of his Mohammedan subjects, and rouse them to a general war against the Christian population of the provinces. From such a course he may be dissuaded by his European advisers. The other powers are not yet ready for the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire which would surely follow. That is to say, they have not yet agreed among themselves upon a satisfactory division of the spoils. Russia and Austria are the nations which would profit most by the division, and neither England, Germany, nor France is prepared to regard with complacency the aggrandizement of the other two at the expense of the "sick man."

FAIR-TIME.

THE theme of our double-page engraving, from CARL BOKER'S interesting painting, is fair-time in a German town. These fairs, like our cattle-shows and country agricultural gatherings, bring people together from all parts of the adjacent country. But in Germany the object is not merely an exhibition of the results of different industries. The articles are exposed with a view to sale; business is combined with pleasure, the concourse of people attracted including many who look upon the fair as an opportunity for purchasing whatever they may be in need of.

In Germany almost every region has its peculiar industry, which the people follow from one generation to another without a thought of change. The son succeeds his father in the occupation which has been handed down in the family from "time immemorial," until it has come to be regarded as a sort of inheritance. Thus one district is famous for its produce, another for its live stock, a third for the peculiar excellence of its woolens, and so on. From the Tyrol, for instance, come many beautiful specimens of wood-carving that have become so popular as household ornaments within the last few years. In the long winter evenings, when out-door work is slack, the peasant of the Tyrol amuses himself with his knife, and employs his imagination in working out all manner of designs in wood. Some of these carvings are most tasteful and ingenious, and comprise a great variety of articles, some of them useful as well as ornamental, such as spoons, forks, knives, rulers, bowls, picture-frames, animals of all kinds, and even statuettes of distinguished persons. At the next fair the peasant has an opportunity of adding to his scanty means by the sale of these graceful works.

Another feature of these German fairs is the great variety of costumes that meet the eye. Accustomed to a country like our own, where one style of dress prevails from Maine to California, the American or English traveler can not fail to be amused by this diversity in the matter of toilets. Every district in Germany has its own costume, so that one familiar with the country need only to look at the dress of a peasant to know to what region he or she belongs. Some of these costumes are pretty and graceful, others have no claim to notice save their oddity. One that strikes the visitor with a sense of amazement to behold its peculiarity and the discomfort attendant upon wearing it is the costume of the women of Dachau, in Bavaria. It consists of a heavy skirt of black broadcloth, gathered in pleats sometimes six inches deep, and depending straight from the waist to the ankles. The weight of such a garment can be easily estimated, and it would seem as if such a burden could not be supported without injury to the health of the wearer. Yet the Dachau female peasant adorns herself in a robe of this description on all festive occasions, whenever they may occur, either in the depths of winter or the heat of summer. They are also worn by young children, and the straps by which they are supported sometimes render the shoulders callous by their friction and weight. A family of importance will often possess quite a number of these garments, which, in some cases, are heavily embroidered with gold braid. They differ in size, and the children, as they grow from girlhood to womanhood, wear first one and then another in regular stages of progression. Like old lace and India scarfs among another class, these cumbrous robes are a family inheritance, passing from generation to generation—an evidence of respectability to the possessor. The costumes of the men are less picturesque than those of the women, but not less distinctive. A peasant would no sooner think of wearing the costume of another district than a soldier would adopt a foreign uniform.

The German fair, like our own, offers a great opportunity to the showman. Jugglers, exhibitions of learned animals, pantomimes, and the ubiquitous Punch, together with his faithful though sorely abused Judy, are always on hand for the entertainment of the youthful sight-seers. Our picture shows us a mild-looking old gentleman attracting a youthful audience around him with an instrument called the "Wheel of Fortune." He does not hesitate to appeal to that natural instinct for gaming inherent in human nature by exhibiting an array of fascinating prizes that shall tempt the children to a venture. To the young ones, as well as to their elders, in a German town, fair-time is the great event of the year—an occasion of merry-making to be anticipated through all the dullness of ordinary working-days.

From the St. Louis Globe.

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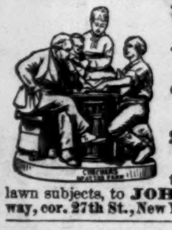

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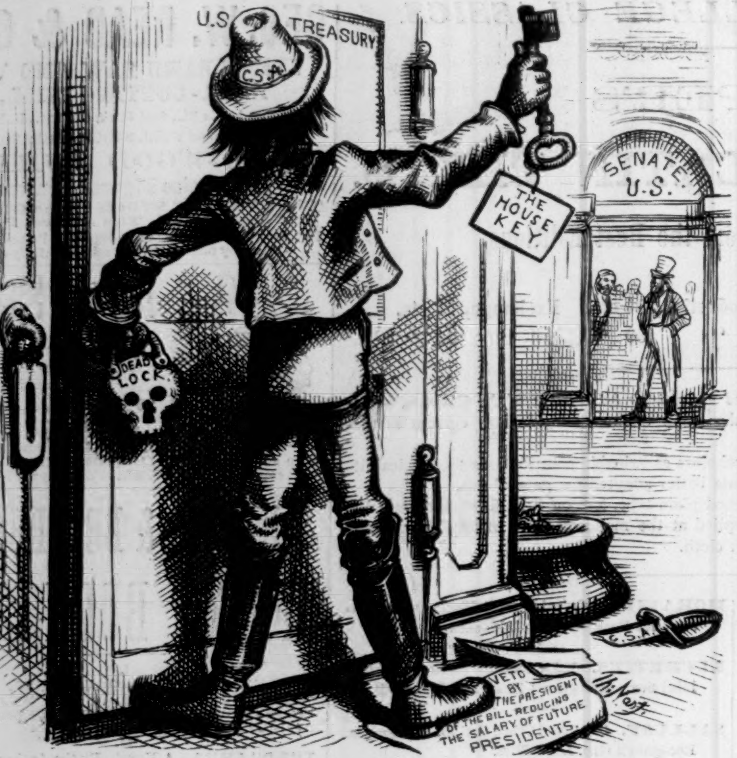
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[From HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH, March, 1876.]

HONEST PUSH.

In our January Number we alluded to the genuine enterprise of Dr. DUNDAS DICK, the gentleman who coats fluid medicines with a film of gelatine so that they shall not offend the palate. Our remarks were merely by way of comment upon an article in the *N. Y. Reporter.* A Christian friend of ours, a druggist by profession, calls attention to our article, and reminds us that, in our well-intentioned comments on Dr. DICK's business habits, we omitted one very essential point—his sterling honesty. Our friend thinks that, ordinarily, too much credit is given to energy and business activity, and too little to those weighter qualities which go to make up the substantial character—integrity and scrupulous fair dealing. He says that the example to be placed before men is not that of success achieved by cunning, or by push, or by notoriety; but that of wealth accumulated or influence gained by righteousness—that is, by right-doing.

Our friend is correct, and we never held to any other view. When we said that Dr. DICK's success, like the success of Mr. A. T. STEWART, resulted largely from his ability to do better than any of his many employés can do, all the multifarious duties of his factory, we did not mean to indicate that his intimate practical acquaintance with the details of his vast business could be considered as taking the place of integrity. Knowledge can not compensate for lack of honesty. The two must go hand in hand, or failure will come sooner or later. A good lady, who knew Mr. STEWART when he had only one clerk, told us a few days ago that he never allowed that clerk or any of the many thousands since and now in his employ to recommend goods offered for sale. His plan has always been to exhibit the articles and let them do their own talking. So with Dr. DICK. Physicians know that they can prescribe his pure, protected remedies with the certainty that the result anticipated will follow their use. They are just what they purport to be, nothing more, nothing less. It is as if he were to seal up pure oils and balsams and terebinthinates in transparent glass so far as purity is concerned. The only difference is that the glass is soluble and nutritious, being made of transparent gelatine.

Dr. DICK is not a manufacturer of "patent medicines." His tasteless remedies are not secret or proprietary nostrums, but are strictly "officinal;" that is, authorized medicines of the United States Dispensatory. It is only in selecting pure, fresh drugs, and protecting them well, rapidly and elegantly, that Dr. DICK's great skill is shown. The drugs thus inclosed are potent, active, powerful, and are usually ordered by physicians. Druggists of our acquaintance testify that more than three-fourths of all Dr. DICK's goods sold are called for by written prescriptions. When thus ordered the druggist removes the outer wrapper, and only the magic letters "D. D. & Co." denote the maker's name.

The products of no chemist's laboratory stand higher than his. He has earned his popularity by fair dealing, and by the integrity of his methods and the purity of his medicines, placed himself on the plane occupied by Dr. SQUIBB, of Brooklyn, whose manufactured drugs stand at the head. If knowledge, energy, and good taste have done much of this, integrity has done even more. Druggists and doctors know that DICK's tasteless medicines can be relied upon. In the one word—faithfulness—we have the causes of his vast success clearly summed up.

MACAULAY'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY. By his Nephew, G. OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P. With Portrait on Steel. 2 vols. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50 per volume. (*Vol. II. Just Ready.*)

Mr. Trevelyan has written the memoir of his uncle with as much good taste as grateful and affectionate feeling.* * * Mr. Trevelyan has chiefly relied on copious selections from a mass of the most unreserved family correspondence; for from his boyhood to the latest days of his career Macaulay lived with his sisters on terms of the most loving intimacy, making them the confidants of all his hopes and feelings. His letters to Lady Trevelyan and the others, while they bubble over with *verve* and playfulness, resemble rather those private journals which some men keep for their own satisfaction, but scrupulously reserve for personal reading. They make us intimately acquainted with the great author and statesman. We are presented to a man of most affectionate and lovable nature, with the gift of inspiring intense attachment and admiration in those who were the nearest and dearest to him.—*London Times.*

Has all the charm of a romance of the noble, unsentimental kind, with the advantage of having for its hero a stately, clean-minded, patriotic scholar, in the midst of whose busy studies and pursuits the pure love of a son, a brother, and a friend burned with a steady, unfailing light.—*Evening Bulletin,* Phila.

Is a work of more than ordinary interest. * * * This deeply interesting biography.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The biography is in every respect worthy of the subject. Mr. Trevelyan has executed his task with most praiseworthy modesty and good taste, and with great literary skill. * * * Macaulay's Life forms a most interesting book, living as he did in the thick of the literary and political activity of his time. It affords us many fresh pictures of incidents in which he played a part, and amusing and instructive anecdotes of the celebrities with whom he came in contact, and, above all, it throws a great deal of unexpected light on his own personal character. * * * Nothing could surpass the charm of those portions of the biography in which Mr. Trevelyan pictures Macaulay at home, from the time when, already a man in learning, he romanced with his playmates on Clapham Common, to the time when, still a boy in animal spirits, he wrote to his sisters, from the smoking-room of the House of Commons, exuberantly lively and brilliant descriptions of the great Reform debates, or spent evenings with them in Great Ormond Street, punning, reciting, and capping verses, in the intervals between his astonishing the House with displays of oratory which excelled every thing heard "since Plunket;" or later still, when, in the intervals of composing his history, he took his nephews and nieces with him on holiday tours, and kept them in fits of laughter with puns, rhymes, and tales, from one end of a railway journey to the other.—*Examiner,* London.

This work is sure to be a delightful surprise even to the most insatiable devourer of biographies. To say that it is worthy of the great man whose life it describes is both high and deserved praise, but this is only a vague characterization of the memoir. Macaulay has occupied so stately a place in English literature, his name is so exclusively associated with the dignified and severe, that it is hard to think of him save as a purely intellectual man entirely removed from, and elevated above, the passions of common humanity. Here, however, we have him precisely as he was, and the main features of the portrait are drawn by his own hand. The revelation thus made of Macaulay's inner nature will be a complete surprise to those who have known the man solely from his works. Hereafter he will not only be venerated as one of the master minds of his age, he will be loved as a man of earnest and strong domestic affections, and of singular breadth and strength of character. For these reasons as well as for the frankness and cleverness with which his nephew has filled up the outlines of the portrait Macaulay has drawn of himself, this is sure to be a classic among biographies.—*N. Y. Times.*

The correspondence which fills so large a space is remarkable for its naturalness and freedom, written without the slightest aim at literary effect, and relating the current events of the day with the frankness and hilarity of a roystering school-boy. Macaulay's warm domestic affections crop out on every occasion, and the whole tone of the letters indicates a man of unaffected simplicity of character and true nobleness of purpose. His sketches of the literary society of London of which he was not to "the manner born," will charm many readers who retain a taste for personal gossip about famous writers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Of the innumerable host of American people who have read Macaulay's fascinating history, essays and reviews, it is impossible to imagine there can be one man or woman living who will not eagerly welcome Mr. Trevelyan's "Life and Letters" of that wonderful writer and delightful man.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

The picture given of Macaulay deepens our admiration for him into respect and even love. He is shown to have been one of the best of sons and of brothers, a man in whom the domestic affections were of the strongest, the delight and life of his home, where he was almost adored, and one of the most winning and amiable of men. * * * His letters to his sisters are not only overflowing with affection, but full of life and fun and gayety. He takes time in his busiest hours to write them frequently whatever he thinks will interest and amuse them.—*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

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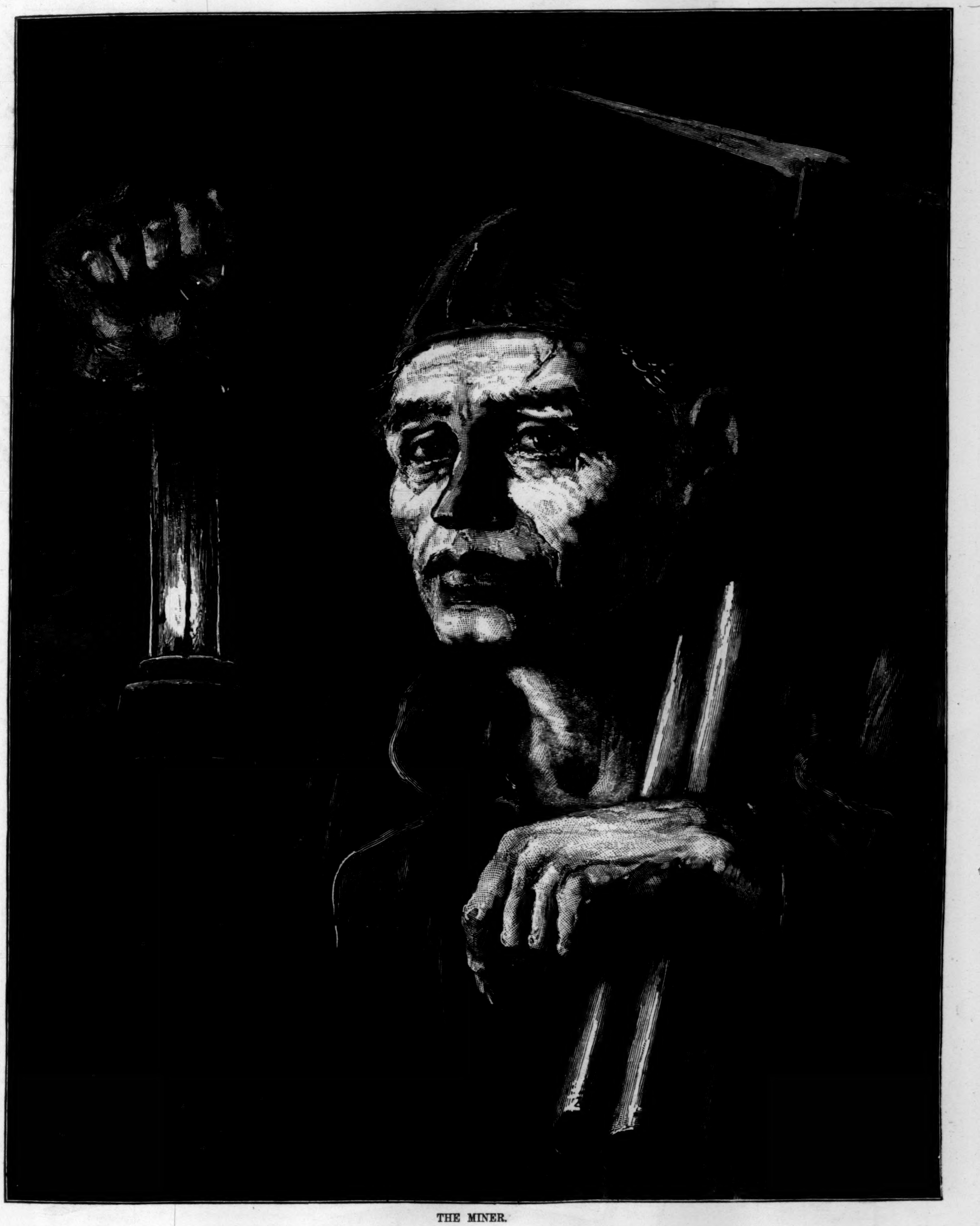


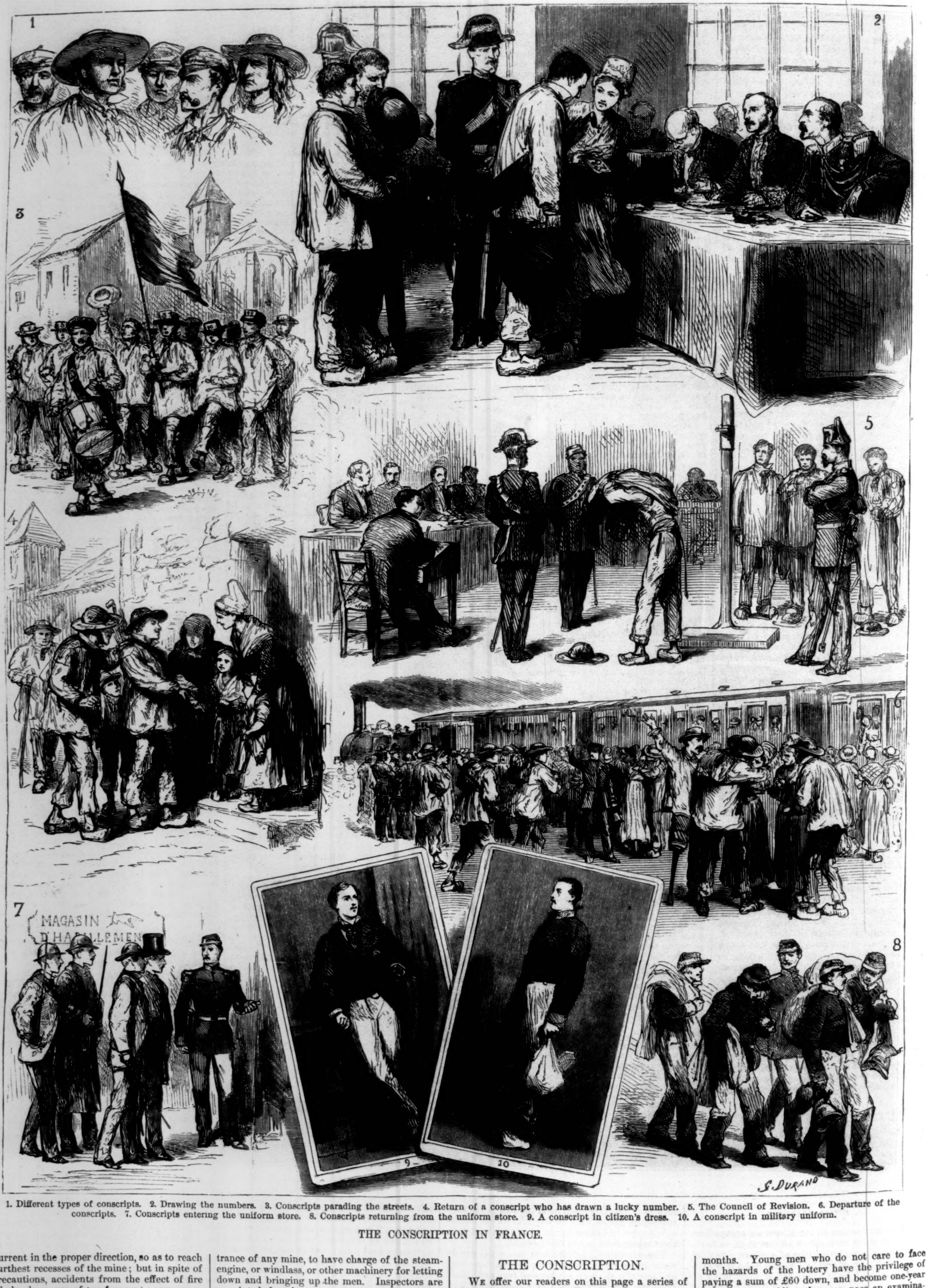
THE MINER.

THE MINER.

FOREMOST among all the dangerous occupations through which humanity endeavors to gain a livelihood may be reckoned that of a miner. Besides the possibility of accident to which he is continually exposed, he is compelled to work in an atmosphere always more or less loaded with foreign gases, and equaling in temperature that of the plains of Bengal in the hot season; he is frequently obliged to wield his tools in awkward and constrained postures, inimical to health; and he must always labor in darkness that is only relieved by the feeble flashes of light from the lamp that he carries with him. So extensive are some mines that it frequently requires an hour to reach the surface after the work is done; and as the miners, during the winter months, often descend the shaft before sunrise and do not return to the surface until after the sun is set, they sometimes see as little of daylight as the miserable ponies and other beasts of burden that pass their whole lives in the under-world.

The ascent and descent into the mines are in some cases made by ladders; but in deep coal and iron pits the men are lowered into and raised from the depths by means of a rectangular iron frame called a cage. Two causes of accident pertain to the latter method; one is the breaking of the rope or chain, by which the men are thrown to the bottom and killed; the other arises from the *overwinding* of the cage, or drawing it over the framing at the pit's mouth, through the carelessness of the man who controls the engine. In this case also the rope breaks, and the men are precipitated into the depths of the shaft. Another danger to be encountered is the accumulation of choke-damp, or carbonic acid gas, which takes place in certain parts of some mines, and causes death by suffocation to the person who inhales it. The frequent and sometimes terrible explosions of fire-damp, or light carbureted hydrogen in coal mines, are caused by the sudden mixture of this gas with atmospheric air. And to these sources of accident must be added the caving in or falling of any portion of the roof or sides of the mine. Many accidents are caused by the carelessness of miners themselves, grown fool-hardy in the constant presence of a terrible danger. They will sometimes open their safety-lamps, to see better, or to light a pipe, well knowing that the consequence of their action may be an explosion, involving the destruction of many lives besides their own.

In former times the sufferings and dangers incurred by miners and their families—for the latter usually assisted in the labor—were beyond description, especially in the mining districts of England; but of late the comfort of those employed in the mines has received more attention. In England the places where the women and girls pound or pick the ores on the surface are now nearly always defended from the weather. Barracks are provided for the miners to change their under-ground clothes, and arrangements are in some cases made for drying those which have become wet during work. As miners are liable, from the nature of their occupation, to many diseases as well as accidents, medical attendance is provided among them by a fund raised for that purpose. Care is also taken to secure as far as possible a thorough ventilation of the mines, though the extensive and circuitous windings make the undertaking one of great difficulty. Air is introduced through one shaft, and a number of doors and stops secure the traveling of



1. Different types of conscripts. 2. Drawing the numbers. 3. Conscripts parading the streets. 4. Return of a conscript who has drawn a lucky number. 5. The Council of Revision. 6. Departure of the conscripts. 7. Conscripts entering the uniform store. 8. Conscripts returning from the uniform store. 9. A conscript in citizen's dress. 10. A conscript in military uniform.

THE CONSCRIPTION IN FRANCE.

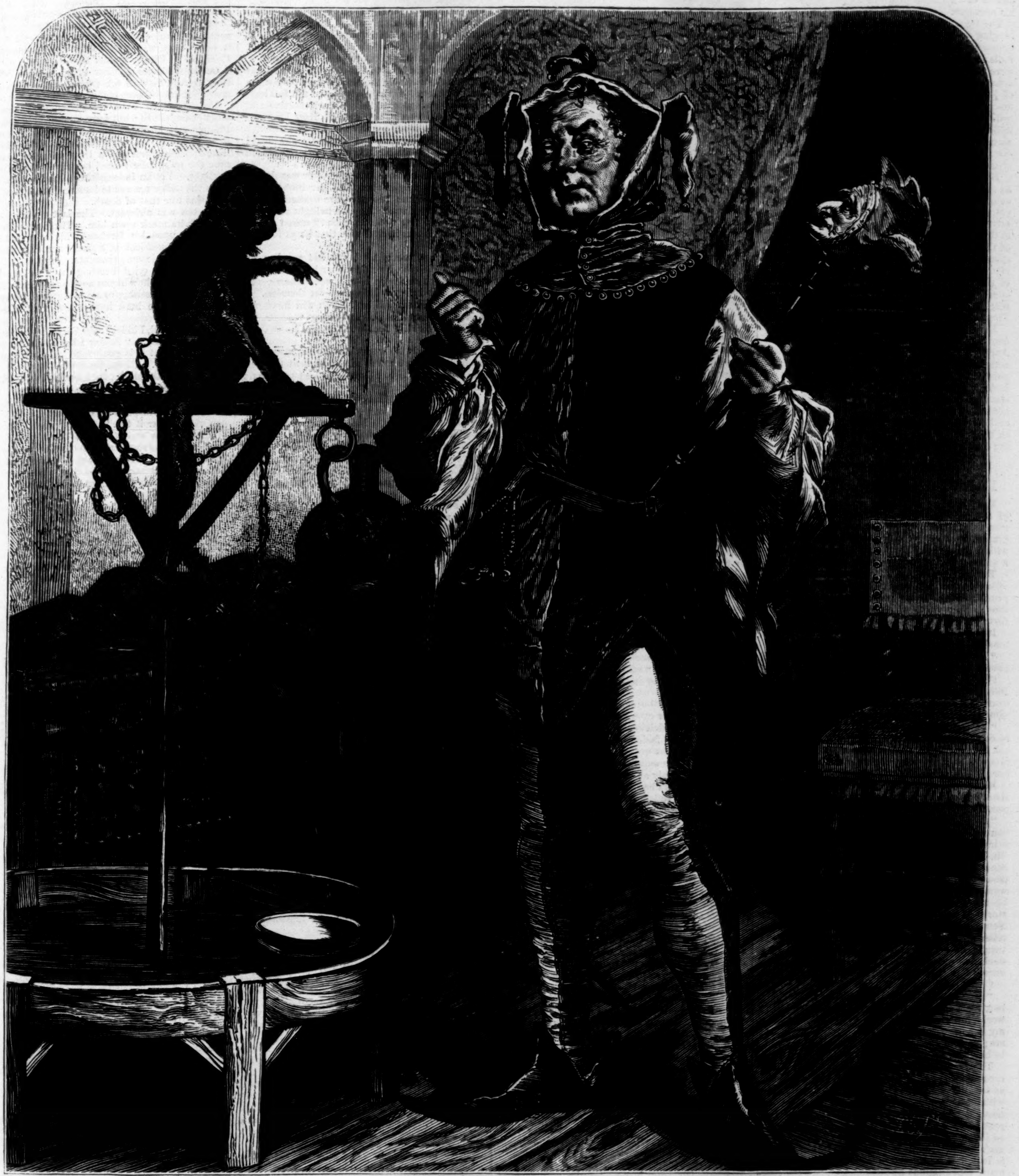
the current in the proper direction, so as to reach the furthest recesses of the mine; but in spite of all precautions, accidents from the effect of fire and choke damp are of too frequent occurrence.

In England the practical working of mines and collieries has been regulated by acts of Parliament, with a view to insure the greater safety of the persons working them, and also to prevent the employment of women and children. The owners of mines are prohibited by statute from employing any female in any under-ground operation. Also boys under twelve years of age can not be lawfully employed, under a penalty of £10 to be incurred by the owner, and no person under the age of eighteen is to be employed at the entrance of any mine, to have charge of the steam-engine, or windlass, or other machinery for letting down and bringing up the men. Inspectors are appointed for the express purpose of visiting mines and seeing that the statutes are complied with. Whenever an inspector, on examination, finds any thing dangerous or defective in the mine, he is bound to give notice to the owner, so that it may be amended; and in case of accidents occurring in the mines, caused by explosion, and resulting in loss of life or bodily injury, the owner is bound within twenty-four hours thereafter to send notice to the Secretary of State and to the district inspector of mines, specifying the probable cause of the accident.

THE CONSCRIPTION.

WE offer our readers on this page a series of sketches illustrating the French conscription, or, as it has been justly called, "the lottery of flesh and blood." From the first to the third week in February whirligig boxes revolve in the various cities, towns, and cantons of France, and blushing lads of twenty timidly pull out tickets on which the fate of the five best years of their lives depends. Before the last war the term for unlucky numbers used to be seven years, and the lucky numbers were free altogether. At present the arrangement is a five years' term of service for an unlucky number, and for a lucky one six months. Young men who do not care to face the hazards of the lottery have the privilege of paying a sum of £60 down, and become one-year volunteers, providing they can pass an examination proving that they possess a good education. There is no ransom for those who have not compounded with fortune beforehand by paying the £60.

Formerly conscripts were allowed to buy substitutes for sums which varied between £96 and £120, and there was naturally a large class of persons willing to sell themselves for this amount of money. Knavish purveyors of substitutes, called "marchands d'hommes," or "man merchants," acted as negotiators between the wealthy youths



"MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS."—[FROM A PICTURE BY C. GREGORY.]

who had drawn unlucky numbers and the needy lads who were glad to enter the service in order to obtain the bounty money. The new military law has abolished the "marchands d'hommes," and effected a good riddance, but it is not so sure that the abolition of the substitute system itself is a good thing. There are many young men to whom it is a positive calamity to be taken away from civil life for a period of five years, and who would gladly give one or two thousand francs to be able to exchange lots with the more fortunate youths who are only required to serve six months. No good end is served by prohibiting such arrangements, which are calculated to render a tyrannical law less oppressive to its victims.

It is pitiful to watch the wistful faces of the poor lads as they approach the polished mahogany box containing the billets that shall decide their fate. Behind the table sits a pleiad of functionaries in uniform—general, prefect, mayor, recruiting captain, etc.; and at either end stands a mustached gendarme with cocked hat, yellow baldric, and jack-boots, stationed there as sentry. All these callous officials make it a habit to grin at the frightened conscripts, and torment them with their coarse jokes. It is only a matter for ridicule to them that these young men may have their whole lives blighted and ruined by this enforced absence from their homes and usual occupations for a period of five years. Craftsmen, the excellence of whose work depends on the long and patient practice which gives delicacy of touch, are unfitted altogether for their trades when snatched away and sent to handle rifles, groom horses, and limber-cannon for a length of time. It may happen that a young man has received the offer of an excellent situation, which, if he were able to accept it at once, might result in a brilliant career. The peasant lad who is tilling and managing his father's small fields knows, perhaps, that if he is forced away, the scanty harvests will not permit the family to employ a hired laborer, and his loss must result in the sale of the farm. To all of these conscription is almost equivalent to ruin. Yet there is no escape, for the cases for legal exemption (not counting physical impediments and deformities) have been reduced to two classes—the only or eldest sons of widows, and where a family has but two boys, one of whom is already in the army.

"MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS."

EVERY one is familiar through history with the ancient practice among the wealthy and noble of keeping a "fool" or jester, whose business it was to amuse the leisure hours of his master by the brilliancy of his wit and the absurdity of his antics, the latter being rendered more ridiculous by the fantastic costume adopted. The strain that must have rested upon the inventive powers of these unfortunate purveyors to royal pleasure can easily be imagined. It is a known fact that we laugh out of our own moods, and not because of the unusually amusing character of the occurrences around; for the brilliant witticism that excites to immoderate laughter upon one occasion, on another will fail to raise a smile. Thus the poor fools of ancient times must have suffered sadly from the caprices of their royal masters; for with the want of reason characteristic of princely human nature in the olden time, the fits of melancholy and weariness endured by the latter could easily be attributed to the stupidity of the poor jester.

The fool in the engraving has bethought himself of employing an aid-de-camp, and what better assistant could he have in his arduous labors than one of those hideous and ridiculous burlesques upon the human species, a member of the famous family of the Simiadæ? The court fool belongs to an age in which no one had suggested that man was "merely a monkey without a tail;" no high-priest of science had arisen to introduce man to his ancestry. Thus the jester can not know that he is indebted to a possible relative for the successful entertainment of his master. That it has been successful is evident from the satisfied expression of both faces. The monkey, after the manner of men when indulging in mutual congratulations upon the happy carrying out of some difficult enterprise, desires to shake hands. The fool does not understand the gesture, and simply motions approvingly with his thumb. Thus the simian partner in the amusement business displays his familiarity with a custom that shall be common in a later age, but is unknown at the time in which he lives. An argument might be deduced from this that the monkey in question, although backward in the matter of dispensing with his tail, shows evi-